Published Semi-Monthly.

No. 377. Vol. XXIX.

BEADLE'S

NEW DIME NOVELS

Wenona, the Giant Chief.

Popular Dime Hand-Books.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

Each volume 100 12*mo. pages, sent post-paid on receipt of price—ten cents each.*

STANDARD SCHOOL SERIES.

DIME SPEAKERS.

1. Dime American Speaker.
2. Dime National Speaker.
3. Dime Patriotic Speaker.
4. Dime Comic Speaker.
5. Dime Elocutionist.
6. Dime Humorous Speaker.
7. Dime Standard Speaker.
8. Dime Stump Speaker.
9. Dime Juvenile Speaker.
10. Dime Spread-eagle Speaker.
11. Dime Debater and Chairman's Guide.
12. Dime Exhibition Speaker.
13. Dime School Speaker.
14. Dime Ludicrous Speaker.
15. Carl Pretzel's Komikal Speaker.
16. Dime Youth's Speaker.
17. Dime Eloquent Speaker.
18. Dime Hail Columbia Speaker.
19. Dime Serio-Comic Speaker.
20. Dime Select Speaker.

Dime Melodist. (Music and Words.)
School Melodist. (Music and Words.)

DIME DIALOGUES.

Dime Dialogues Number One.
Dime Dialogues Number Two.
Dime Dialogues Number Three.
Dime Dialogues Number Four.
Dime Dialogues Number Five.
Dime Dialogues Number Six.
Dime Dialogues Number Seven.
Dime Dialogues Number Eight.
Dime Dialogues Number Nine.
Dime Dialogues Number Ten.
Dime Dialogues Number Eleven.
Dime Dialogues Number Twelve.
Dime Dialogues Number Thirteen.
Dime Dialogues Number Fourteen.
Dime Dialogues Number Fifteen.
Dime Dialogues Number Sixteen.
Dime Dialogues Number Seventeen.
Dime Dialogues Number Eighteen.
Dime Dialogues Number Nineteen.
Dime Dialogues Number Twenty.
Dime Dialogues Number Twenty-one.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES.

1—**DIME GENTS' LETTER-WRITER**—Embracing Forms, Models, Suggestions and Rules for the use of all classes, on all occasions.

2—**DIME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE**—For Ladies and Gentlemen: being a Guide to True Gentility and Good-Breeding, and a Directory to the Usages of society.

3—**DIME BOOK OF VERSES**—Comprising Verses for Valentines, Mottoes, Couplets, St. Valentine Verses, Bridal and Marriage Verses, Verses of Love, etc.

4—**DIME BOOK OF DREAMS**—Their Romance and Mystery; with a complete interpreting Dictionary. Compiled from the most accredited sources.

5—**DIME FORTUNE-TELLER**—Comprising the art of Fortune-Telling, how to read Character, etc.

6—**DIME LADIES' LETTER-WRITER**—Giving the various forms of Letters of School Days, Love and Friendship, of Society, etc.

7—**DIME LOVERS' CASKET**—A Treatise and Guide to Friendship, Love, Courtship and Marriage. Embracing also a complete Floral Dictionary, etc.

8—**DIME BALL-ROOM COMPANION**—And Guide to Dancing. Giving rules of Etiquette, hints on Private Parties, toilettes for the Ball-room, etc.

9—**BOOK OF 100 GAMES**—Out-door and In-door SUMMER GAMES for Tourists and Families in the Country, Picnics, etc., comprising 100 Games, Forfeits, etc.

10—**DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR**—A complete hand-book of instruction, giving the entertaining mysteries of this most interesting and fascinating of games.

11—**DIME BOOK OF CROQUET**—A complete guide to the game, with the latest rules, diagrams, Croquet Dictionary, Parlor Croquet, etc.

12—**DIME BOOK OF BEAUTY**—A delightful book, full of interesting information. It deserves a place in the hands of every one who would be beautiful.

DIME ROBINSON CRUSOE—In large octavo, double columns, illustrated.

FAMILY SERIES.

DIME COOK BOOK.
DIME RECIPE BOOK.
DIME HOUSEWIFE'S MANUAL.
4. DIME FAMILY PHYSICIAN.
5. DIME DRESSMAKING AND MILLINERY.

☞ The above books are sold by Newsdealers everywhere, or will be sent, *post-paid*, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents each. BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York.

WENONA, THE GIANT CHIEF.

OR

THE FOREST FLOWER.

BY W. J. HAMILTON,
AUTHOR OF "GRAY HAIR, THE CHIEF," "ZEBRA ZACK," "LAKE RANGERS," ETC.

NEW YORK.
BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM STREET.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, by
BEADLE AND COMPANY,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

THE GIANT CHIEF

CHAPTER I.

THE INDIAN CAPTIVE.

"KEEP silence, for your life! They are in the clearing."

The words were spoken in a whisper by a young man, who lay prostrate under the bushes at the edge of a little opening. As he spoke, he put one hand backward in a warning gesture to a person who lay behind him, and who showed signs of uneasiness at being kept quiet so long. The speaker was a sunbrowned, handsome fellow of perhaps five and twenty years, dressed in a neat uniform, evidently that of the hunter or ranger. A handsome belt was buckled about his waist, in which was thrust an elegantly-mounted pair of pistols, and a sword. Beside him, on the ground, lay a beautiful rifle, which he seemed to watch over with great care. Indeed, men were just beginning to understand how to use that wonderful weapon, and how much it surpassed the cumbrous musket in the execution of which it was capable. His companion was a negro, who was uneasy at the sight he had a glimpse of through the bushes, as well he might be; for the sight was not a pleasant one to weak nerves.

The clearing had once been the home of one of those pioneers whose bones our farmers sometimes turn up with the plow—men who gave their lives to found an empire. The savages had come down by night upon his exposed home. Next morning, only the blackened logs, and some whitened bones, remained to tell the tale of that pitiless massacre. The settlers buried the remains with reverence, and the place was deserted. A portion of the walls yet stood. The stones had fallen from the rude chimney; a broken gourd, a shattered kettle, or some fragment of crockery were scattered here and there—all that told that a white man once had lived there. A band of Indians were seated at various points about the clearing, talking in low tones. They were

in their war-paint, and the negro had sufficient knowledge of their customs to know that this boded no good to him.

"Oh, de Laud, Mass' Tom, w'y de debble you don' come 'way from dar? S'pose dem Injun find we, enty he eat we up, same as 'coon? Now you come 'way. Let 'em be *wha'* dey be. S'pose we do any good stay yer?"

"Hush, you fool. Do you want to lose your scalp?" whispered the other.

"Oh, de high golly! No. Now, Mass' Tom, le's go home. Dey's a-waitin' fer we. Missee mighty 'ticklar, too. S'pose I not come home in time I cotch it, *good*. Now min' I tell you. Le's go home."

"I will give you *one* over the head if you do not hush, Cæsar. You want to bring the Indians out on us? How can we go away without being seen? I never expected to find Indians here. Have you got your ax?"

"Iss, Mass' Tom. Got dem safe 'nough."

"Keep it near your hand. There is no telling how soon you may have to use it. I don't like the way those fellows are acting. They are moving about like hounds on a scent. By heaven, I think they can nose a white man as far as they can see one. If that red hound comes any nearer to these bushes, we are caught."

Not a word from Cæsar now. He turned absolutely blue with terror. The negro had heard so much of savage cruelty that he was especially timorous on that subject, and the Indian who excited his fear was not a prepossessing specimen—a distorted, hunchbacked, villainous-looking fellow, painted in a fantastic and hideous manner. He was naked to the waist, and his body and arms, even to the roots of his hair, were painted in alternate stripes of black and white. A single eagle-feather rose on each side of the head, behind the ears, adding to his singularly grotesque and hideous appearance. Cæsar, in an agony of terror at this spectacle, lay with his teeth rattling in his head like castanets. The savage skirted the bushes not far from the place where they lay, peering into the covers. Finally he turned back and walked toward the group by the fire. One of these men rose and came to meet him, and they stood talking not twenty feet from the place where the two men lay.

"There is a bloody cloud before the moon," said the one who had come first. "I can scent blood in the air. Ah-ha! When the St. Regis are on the war-path, the Yengees may weep tears of blood."

The young white man knew enough of the Indian tongue to comprehend nearly every thing said. St. Regis! He knew that the tribe were on the side of the French, and the jint was not lost.

These were dangerous times. Abercrombie had just been defeated before Ticonderoga, and his decimated army had found shelter under the walls of Fort Edward and William Henry, while, with praiseworthy caution, the English General had betaken himself to Albany, his pride broken, and his name disgraced.

The people of the northern region of New York were thereafter subjected to a series of Indian and French outrages, which blacken the history of the time. Schenectady and other places along the river were in the greatest danger. Major Thomas Osborne had asked leave of absence from his command, to see after the safety of his family, who were at a settlement a little to the west of Schenectady. Arriving at the place, he found all in confusion. Scouts had reported the country to the north and east full of hostile Indians, nearly all under the guidance of French officers, and it was feared that an attack was to be made upon the villages along the line. He had sent a trusty scout, Daniel Ellis, better known as Scouting Dan, into the country to the east, and had himself gone north, resolved to find out the danger if possible. He had come upon the Indians unexpectedly, and was so close that escape seemed hardly possible. In this awkward strait he was sorry to find himself incumbered by the negro who, though a faithful fellow, was timid as far as Indian were concerned. There was nothing for it but to remain quiet, and wait for the savages to move on.

"The Great Snake says well," replied the other savage. "The blood of the Yengee must flow. Why do the St. Regis take the war-path, if not to shed blood? We will burn their wigwams, take the scalps of the men, and the women shall go with us to make the lodge-fires bright, in the wigwams of brave men."

"Annowah talks like a man. But, it is not just that any of the Yengees should be saved. The heart of Wenona is getting soft. He does not strike the Yengees with a good heart. The Giant Chief is slack."

"Where is Wenona?"

"Who can tell? He comes and goes as he will, and keeps the warriors from the trail. Why should he linger, when he knows the St. Regis are hot for scalps? While we wait for him, scalps might hang at your girdle, and at mine."

"Wenona is very brave," said the other.

"Wenona has been a great chief, but something is on his mind. I have heard him speak well of the Yengees, whom we hate. Would the Great Snake do that? Would Annowah speak good words of the man who has been his enemy? No. Kill—kill—kill! till not a Yengee man lives above the ground. They want land. Give them their bodies' length."

"It is just."

"Let Annowah look at those blackened logs. They sheltered the head of a Yengee warrior once. My brother does not know where he is. He shall know. This hand struck him down. His scalp is now drying in my lodge. We came upon him at night, and he woke only to hear the war-cry of the St. Regis, and ran out to meet the sharp edge of the hatchet. His squaws and pappooses were slain. And when the Yengees came at morning, they found only smoking logs and white bones. The St. Regis do their work well."

The blood of Tom Osborne was chilled by the atrocious narrative. He longed to send a bullet through the heart of the vile wretch. Only the knowledge that such an act would bring down on him the vengeance of the rest, restrained him. But he made a mental vow that, if captured, his first act should be to shoot down that guilty barbarian, even though killed the next moment.

"When the Great Snake hates, he can hate well," he continued. "I will kill all Yengees who come in my way."

Even as he spoke, his eyes began to glisten, and he said something in a low voice, which the listeners could not understand. Then he turned and walked toward the fire. Shortly after, he left the camp, in company with two others taking their weapons with them.

Tom was uneasy. What had made the savage leave the camp? Why had he so suddenly ceased conversation? He was confident that, from the position he occupied, the savages had not seen him. Indeed, they passed within two rods of the place where he lay, only concealed by the low underbrush, and glided silently away. The warriors in the camp were restless, and kept turning anxious glances toward the woods, in the opposite direction from that in which their companions had gone. Half an hour passed, when, on a sudden, came the crack of a pistol, and the yells of savage vengeance warned the men lying in wait that something unusual had occurred, though what it was they could not tell, until, mingled with the report of another pistol, came a hearty English shout, and a voice, which Tom knew only too well, cried:

"Off, ye painted varmint! Let up! Take *that!*"

It was Dan Ellis, the scout—Scouting Dan, the man who could read a trail like an open book, and to whom the woods had been a home for years. Tom had known him long—a faithful, honest man, who had been a true friend to him—a man whose word was his bond—one whom every one, from the highest officer in command to the privates who marched by his side, alike respected and loved; and now he was alone, contending against overwhelming odds.

The young man started up, sword in hand. It was well for him that the attention of the savages was drawn toward the scene of conflict, or he would most surely have joined his friend in captivity. The contest was soon decided, and he saw Scouting Dan dragged from the woods, in the hands of the Indians. Great Snake followed slowly, wrapping a piece of cloth about his bleeding arm, where a bullet had pierced him. Annowah never came back. He lay in the bushes not far away, with a ball through the brain. They dragged the scout into the middle of the clearing, and lashed him to a sapling near at hand.

Seen by the light of the fire, he was a noble specimen of the human race. In hight he was but little below six feet with a well-proportioned frame, toughened by exposure to the perils of the forest, in which he had spent his life. His face was angular, and under his heavy eyebrows gleamed a pair of gray eyes which seemed to have the power of looking

through a man. Woe to the enemy at whom he glanced through the double sights! He scarcely, if ever, missed his aim; and now, even in his captivity, he looked with great anxiety toward the precious rifle which had been wrenched from his grasp, and which a savage was surveying with every expression of delight.

"Take keer, *you!*" he shouted. "Don't meddle with that shootin'-iron, or she may go off of her own account. Ye ain't mout. She ain't used to be teched by red-skins. Now you listen to me. I'm talkin' *now*, myself. Put that rifle down. Don't look sassy at me, Injun. I've chawed up enough of your kind, ain't I?"

A snarl of rage ran through the party. They knew him well. There was no hand more deadly along the border.

"The Big Elk has a long tongue," said Big Snake. "Let him be silent."

"Oh, shet up!" replied Dan, fearlessly. "I hope you don't want to skeer *me!* You kain't do *that*. Oh no! I ain't *that* sort of a feller. I used to be onct; you could skeer me then by bringin' on a tribe or two of your kind; but, you kain't do it now. Oh no! Come, I ain't goin' to stay here an' be fooled with. You let me go, or I'll pull up the tree and knock your brains out with it."

"Your time will come soon enough, Big Elk," said the Indian. "You have killed Annowah, the friend of Great Snake. You have put a ball in my arm. For that, we will burn you with fire."

"Do you think you kin burn *me?* Not a bit. I'm fireproof, so to speak. Yes I be. Now look here. Do you want me to extarminate the hull tribe of St. Regis? I don't like to do it, but you make me mad an' I'll do it, *sure!* I ain't foolin'—I'm gittin' mad. My anger is risin' like cream. Don't say nothin' more to me. You talk of burnin' me! I. you was to try it, *an' I caught you at it*, I'd wring your neck like a partridge. Yes I would. So look out!"

An Indian likes to hear braggadocio. No man knew this better than Dan, who was, in reality, alarmed at his situation. He had killed one of their best men, and wounded the chief, and nothing could save him unless he could manage to escape.

The Indians were grouped together in consultation. He looked at them anxiously, and tried to make out what they were saying. Working his hands to and fro, he found that he could move one a little. Compressing his hand in a way he had, which few could imitate, he drew it from the withe by which it was tied. But, with the cunning of his profession, he did not withdraw his hand from the bonds immediately, but left it in such a position that he could draw it out at a moment's notice.

The time came soon. A young Indian, with a knife in his belt and hatchet in his hand, advanced, and began to draw the sharp edge of the hatchet across the face of the bound man, taking care not to cut him. It was very annoying, however, and it was only by the effort of his powerful will that he succeeded in keeping down his anger. The young villain laughed derisively, and continued to draw the weapon across his face.

"Cut your hair, eh?" he said, in execrable English. "Bime-by cut your flesh from bones."

All this time the right hand of the scout had been free, and he was working to set the other at liberty. The moment it was accomplished, that mighty hand and arm shot out suddenly, and took the young rascal by the throat in a vice-like grip. Before time was given for thought, he had wrenched the knife from the belt of his enemy, cut the bonds upon his legs, and hurled the Indian, shrieking for help, to the earth. Two Indians sprung at him; but, he stood like a rock, a knife in one hand, a hatchet in the other, shouting a battle-cry as fierce as theirs.

One, two! Down went the assailants, one with a knife-thrust in the shoulder, and the other with a cracked skull. Before the rest could get at him, he had plunged into the forest, running like a hunted deer. As he went he heard, from the other side of the clearing, a signal he had often used when he wanted to find Tom in the woods—an excellent imitation of the cry of the quail, thrice repeated. He knew that his friends were near, if he could only get to them.

The river, however, was his chief reliance, and he was running for it at full speed. He hoped to find a canoe

there, and place the water between himself and his enemies.

So sudden was his flight that the Indians were for a moment thrown into confusion, until a shrill command from Great Snake recalled them to their senses. And hardly had the bushes closed behind the flying scout, when the headmost Indian parted them in close pursuit, running as only an Indian can. But in that he had met his equal.

Dan's breath was coming in quick gasps for the first hundred yards; then he was himself again. He knew the ground well, and could pick out the easiest paths at a glance. The Indians, being from the north, did not know the trail so well as a Mohawk or Oneida would have done. The first brave was a determined runner, one of the best in the tribe, a brother of Annowah, killed in capturing the scout. With all an Indian's desire for vengeance, this warrior pressed the chase. Another brave followed close upon his track. Scouting Dan, looking over his shoulder, saw that the warrior was gaining on him, and that he must do something quickly or get a hatchet in the back. When hardly ten feet separated them, the Indian shouted to him to stop.

"Give up, Big Elk. Walk woods again."

The words had hardly left his mouth when the scout performed one of those wonderful feats of strength and agility which only severe training and powerful muscle can accomplish. Pausing suddenly in his onward course, he turned a back summerset, meeting the coming Indian with terrific force. His weapon was knocked from his hand, and he lay senseless on the sod, under the terrible blow. Never pausing to look at him, Scouting Dan turned like a tiger on the remaining enemy. That savage caught the wild gleam of his eye and could not stand it. Turning with hasty steps, he ran back a little way and began to unstrap a rifle which he carried on his back. Dan knew that if he was allowed to do that his own fate was sealed. It was a moment for determined action.

Clearing the distance which separated them by three mighty bounds, Dan sprung upon the savage. He was a straw in the hands of such a man as the scout. In vain he struggled to defend himself; that mighty arm prevailed. The

rifle was wrenched from his grasp, and he was prostrated by a blow from the butt-end.

Five minutes after two Indians were sitting on the ground, in the forest-path, looking at each other in a very foolish manner, neither of them knowing exactly what to say.

CHAPTER II.

THE GIANT CHIEF.

DAN ELLIS, after taking the rifle, ammunition and knife of the prostrate Indian, hurried on at full speed. Running for half an hour, and hearing no sound in pursuit, he paused, and looked at his prizes. The rifle especially attracted his attention. It was a beautiful weapon, richly inlaid with silver. A name was carved upon a silver plate on the stock. Reading was not in Dan's line, so he failed to decipher the inscription. The piece was of the best-tempered steel, and the barrel was "clouded"—then a new thing in gunmaking.

"A man of sense had this machine made," thought Dan, "and a man of sense has got it. I'd like to know who owned it, anyhow. Now let's see ef I ken find Tom. He'll laugh at me because I got caught. Any man mout git caught sometimes. I got away ag'in; that's a comfort. What's that?"

He stopped and looked about him.

"I'll be skinned ef I didn't think I heard a step."

He dropped into cover, and lay almost without breathing. A step could, indeed, be heard upon the forest-leaves. The next moment the bushes, which hid the path to the east, separated, and a man came out who was in himself a wonder—an Indian of gigantic proportions, who strode along with the air of a king on his own soil. Scouting Dan could not repress a feeling of exultation in this splendid type of the animal man. The figure of the Indian towered several inches higher than Dan, who, to use his own expression, "was no chicken." His limbs would have done credit to the Farnese Hercules. His

hands and feet were small for such a powerful frame; his face was noble and commanding; his eyes dark, and full of changing lights; his hair, uncontaminated by the knife, hung half way down to his waist, and was crowned with bands of silver lace; his dress, also, was worked in a variety of designs, in wampum, and upon his breast was embroidered a golden eagle, the totem of his tribe. The buckskin, of which his hunting-shirt was formed, was worked so beautifully as to be softer than chamois skin. Secured to his back by a leathern strap, hung a heavy rifle. In the wampum-belt about his waist were two knives with silver hilts. Dan was an athlete, but he had no wish to encounter this man, who had the limbs and sinews of a gladiator. All the minutiæ of his dress and figure the scout had noted at a glance, and then he was gone. Unfortunately, he had departed in the very direction Dan wished to take. But the scout was not the man to turn out of his road on *that* account.

"Combine business and pleasure, I reckon," mused Dan. "Ef that's the man I think it is, an I kin ketch him, I'm a made man. Jewhittaker! thar ain't nothin' I wouldn't ask from the Gineral, an' git it too. Wal, here goes for a try at him."

The giant now was some distance in advance. He left a clear trail which Dan followed at a quick-step. His design was to pursue the Indian, and, if he could bring Tom to his aid, they could manage to take the warrior prisoner.

The footsteps ceased, and it behooved Dan to see if he could find the reason. Stealing stealthily forward, he saw the Indian leaning across a log, looking at something in the path beyond. Raising himself so that he could detect what it was, Dan beheld a sight not at all pleasant. Two huge bears stood in the path, regarding the Indian with malicious little eyes and heads thrown on one side. Though evidently without any anxiety for a fray, the Indian was not frightened, but unstrapped his rifle and looked to the priming.

"That's a cool cuss," ejaculated Dan. "He ain't afeard, that chap ain't. He minds me of Attawan, the man that scouts with Ralph Warren in the kentry about Oswego. *He's* another cool bird Oh, see the big cuss! He'd fight them two b'ars, he would, an' I reckon he's got to."

One of the bears was advancing in the direction of the Indian, rearing now and then on her hind legs, to take an observation, and again advancing. The giant sat utterly unmoved, with his rifle on his knee. He had thrown his legs over the log so that he sat upon it with his face to the bears. In this position he began talking to them in the most whimsical manner, accusing them of cowardice, and entreating them to come on.

"Hark to that," said Dan. "Ef he makes me laugh I must shoot him, and I wouldn't do that for money. I couldn't. No, sir, I couldn't have the heart to put a bullet into that man except to save my life. It would be murder to kill *that* Indian except in fair fight. I don't reckon it's the same with the other red niggers."

The foremost bear now had come within twelve or fifteen feet of the giant, and was again standing on his hind legs, looking at him with that vicious twinkle of the eye which a bear always has when he means mischief. The Indian now raised his rifle to his shoulder. It seemed as if the weapon must have gone off by accident, without aim; but the bear remained a moment stationary, and then tumbled slowly to the ground. The ball had passed completely through the brain!

"Dead as a salt herring," was the apostrophe of the scout. "Now, thar's an Injin as *is* an Injin—a man that kin sight a rifle *like* a man. He don't hev to lift her up and squint half an hour before he lets slide, *he* don't; *that's* the sort of an Injin for me! Why don't he load? He don't mean to tackle that b'ar with the knife?"

The remaining bear had walked slowly to the side of her fallen mate, and was smelling the flowing blood with angry growls. The Indian sat quietly on the log, making no motion to load his piece. He only reached over the log, and seized a large stick which lay near. The she-bear was beginning to understand that her mate was dead. Her savage eyes gleamed; she left off snuffing at the blood of the male, and turned a look upon the murderer. He sat immovable upon the log, with the club in his hand. Could it be that he expected to defend himself against the fierce animal, with no better weapon than this? Dan knew well why he did not attempt to reload the rifle. The cunning brute would have

made that a signal for attack, and have brought the affair to a focus. This could not last long. For the present, the she-bear was under the influence of that determined eye, and could not move. She shifted her head uneasily from side to side, to get out of the range of that magnetic glance. Then she stooped to look at her fallen mate.

As she did so, Dan saw what it was which led the Indian to attack the bears. A woman lay fainting on the sod, just at the turn in the path. The Indian had come upon the brutes just as they were making preparations to assail her, and had come to her rescue in this quiet way. Dan could see by her dress that she was a white girl, when the bear suddenly sprung at the Indian. He leaped backward off the log, placing it between himself and the assailant. She placed her fore paws on the log and looked him in the face, her hot breath actually touching him. At that moment he heaved the club aloft, and Dan could see his powerful muscles rise like knotted oak in the movement. The fearful stroke came down. The bear interposed her paw in the dextrous way these animals have of using that member. With an ordinary man this might have succeeded; but the strength of the Indian was wonderful. The beast's paw was broken, and dropped powerless. With a mad howl of rage and pain she sprung over the log on three legs, and came at her enemy, open-mouthed and foaming. The Indian stepped back a pace or two, and again heaved the club aloft. Dan held his breath in admiration of the daring bravery of the man. That he should peril his life for a woman of his own race would not have surprised him. But for a white girl and a stranger! This time the club did its work, and the animal fell, with her skull crushed like an egg-shell. At this moment the girl rose upon her elbow and shrieked aloud:

"For heaven's sake look! In the tree!"

The Indian looked up and saw, on an outstretched limb of a tree, perhaps fifteen feet above his head, the terror of the American woods, the panther, crouching for a spring.

For some reason the panther is regarded by the Indians with greater fear than any living beast, and the man who had so bravely met and conquered the bears was startled by the apparition in the tree. There the great cat lay, prone upon

the limb, his muscles contracted, his fiery eyes looking down upon the enemy. The Indian had no weapon but the club and knives. His rifle yet lay beside the log, unloaded, and he knew that any movement toward it would bring the panther on his head.

In that trying moment the great soul of the man showed itself. The panther had paused as that bold eye met his, and he had time to speak.

"White girl," he said, "you strong enough to run? No hurt, eh?"

"No; not hurt."

"Den crawl in bushes. When you get in bushes, run and hide. I stay here and fight Indian devil."

"Must I go away and leave you to your fate?" cried the girl.

"Go quick; go now."

She turned to comply, and that moment the panther sprung. At the same instant came the crack of Dan's rifle. He could endure it no longer. He had seen the face of the girl as she rose, and knew her. We have said that Dan Ellis was sure of his aim. No man was more so in that region. The girl saw the body of the panther quivering in the air, and uttered a shout of terror as the Indian, with a knife in each hand, threw himself into a defiant attitude. It was well Dan Ellis held the rifle, and that it was a good weapon. He had shot a deer upon the leap before now, and birds upon the wing; but that was child's play to shooting at a panther in the air. But his sight never was keener, nor his nerve better, than when he fired that shot. It told. Shot through the heart, the panther fell upon the knives that the Indian held, which pierced him through and through. The warrior shook h' off the points, and turned to see from whence the shot ha come, just as Scouting Dan emerged from the forest, with the rifle yet smoking in his grasp. He never looked at the warrior, but went straight to the girl, who had fallen on her knees in the path, with her face buried in her hands.

"Eisie Dayton," he said, "what are you doing here? You should have known better than to venture, when the Indians are in the woods, to say nothin' of seeh cattle as these yer."

"Now, uncle Dan, you ought to be ashamed of yourself

to scold me after— No, you hadn't. Scold me just as much as you like, because, if it had not been for you, this brave man would have been killed. But, don't be very mad at me, uncle Dan."

The little maiden was as fair a flower as ever bloomed along the banks of the Mohawk. She had a small but symmetrical figure, a trim foot, a roguish, rosy face, and a pair of eyes which would have made the merry old monks forget they ever made a vow to run from women. Who could withstand such a creature? Not Dan Ellis. As he afterward said in confidence to Tom, "'Tain't no use for me to try to say nothin' to Elsie. I can't. You know I allus *was* a durned fool as fur as girls are concerned—allus. I s'pose I allus will be, an' I don't know as I keer much." However, he pretended to be very angry now, though he could not keep it up long.

"You come along," he cried. "The woods are full of Indians."

"I must thank this man for saving my life, uncle Dan. I'd thank you too, but you make me do it so often."

"Wait a minute," said Dan. "I want to know who he is fust. Let him speak, and let us know why he is here."

"White man," said the Indian, proudly, "I am Wenona, the Giant Chief of St. Regis. Who is there to say to the wind, 'stop there; go no further?' Wenona is like the wind which blows. When he will he can go out into the forest. Let no man seek to stay his course. The son of the lightning and the storm will not suffer it."

"Chief," said the scout, calmly, "you have the credit of being a just Injin. I don't keer a cuss who a man is, so long as he lives up to his gifts. Every man has his gifts. May be up mine mout be to find a trail easy, or to sight a rifle sudden. You kin do that, I reckon, the quickest of any Injin I ever see. So thar's my hand on what we hev done to-day, ef I fight you the next minute."

Wenona extended his hand, and in this position these noble specimens of manhood looked one another in the face.

"You are very strong," said Wenona.

"Nothin' to you, chief. A man needs long arms to tech you in a scrimmage. I wouldn't like to try it."

A low, tremulous wail was at this moment borne upon the breeze from the north.

"The St. Regis are in the path," said the chief. "Let my white brother depart in peace, and take with him the Forest Flower, who is worthy to bloom in the bosom of a great chief. Let him go in haste, for the St. Regis are swift to shed blood. The day will come when you will see Wenona again."

He turned, and buried himself in the forest, which quickly closed behind him.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHASE.

"ELSIE DAYTON," said Dan, "see what a scrape you'd like to have got into by your darned womanly imperdence. I don't like to swear, but I had to say it. A woman ain't got no sense."

"Oh, uncle Dan!"

"Fact! Not a bit! They don't seem to understand that the woods about the Mohawk ain't the woods around New York or Albany. See this now. A gal like you out here, three miles from home, facin' a couple of b'ars! 'Tain't no ways likely you'd ever 'a' got safe out of this ef the chief hadn't come along; I mout 'a' took another path. You kain't think how I felt when I see your face. I'd 'a' saved you, ef it took my life. It ain't my gift to let a woman die, when I kin help it."

"Thank you, uncle Dan. You are very good to me," she said.

"Not a bit! You don't desarve it nuther. What do you s'pose Tom would say to me, if you had got hurt? I'd 'a' got a bullet in the head, most likely."

A roseate flush stole into the face of the young girl. "I don't think he shows much interest in me, or he would have come to see me," said Elsie. "It is the way with Tom Osborne. He may stay away if he likes."

"What is the matter here?" cried the voice of Osborne at this moment. "Come along, you sooty son of darkness. It isn't your fault if you save your scalp."

"Fore de Lord, Mass' Tom, I's so frightened! Dar, I tells de trut'; I mos' scart to deff."

A merry laugh from Elsie broke in upon the speech, and Tom Osborne sprung toward her.

"Elsie! How dare you come here? Good heaven, you do not know your danger. The Indians are not five hundred yards in the rear."

Saying this, he caught her by the hand and darted down the forest-track. Cæsar came next, quite the picture of terror. Dan Ellis, cool and collected, brought up the rear, poising the rifle he had captured, and chuckling over it.

"I made a good mornin' out of it. Mine was a good rifle, to be shore, but this yer is better, I reckon. I don't think I could hev plumbed that painter with *my* rifle. She kerried a trifle too high, ef you happened to get in too much powder. Lordy! They are clost to us. They'd better keep back, Tom."

"Yes, they are on our heels," said the major, who was just in advance.

"Git to the canoe, an' then down the river as ef the Old Harry hisself kicked you. Don't lose a minnit."

"And you?"

"Jest you let me alone. I wasn't borned yesterday" replied Dan.

They ran on in silence for some moments. At last the river was in sight, gleaming through the foliage. The canoe and the negro boy, Cudjoe, left in charge, were still there. Now arose a difficulty. The canoe would only hold three. Cæsar or the boy must be left. The former was in an agony of terror. His teeth chattered, his knees shook. He besought Cudjoe to let him get in the canoe. Cudjoe, with a praiseworthy regard for his own skin, refused to listen. While in the hight of the controversy, Dan appeared upon the bank and hurried Elsie to a place in the canoe.

"Down the river like lightning," he cried. "Curse it, man, you don't know the danger. Git along; I'll take care of Cæsar."

Tom pushed off the canoe, and took the paddle, leaving Cæsar dancing and howling upon the shore.

"Shet up, *you*," said Dan. "I'm a-talkin' now. I'll mash you ef you don't."

"Oh, you g' long, Dan Ellis! You's de man done dis! You usen to be scalped yourself, an' you no care ef I be scalped hunderd times. Oh, Laud! Hark, to dat ar'!"

The same low, tremulous cry which they had heard a moment before was heard again, but nearer at hand.

"See here, Ebony; you kin swim, I reckon?" said Dan.

"I don'no. Oh, goodness gracious! I's a poor lost nigger, I is!"

"Kin you swim, I say?"

"Oh, de Laud. I feel dreffful bad, I do. My skin creep like yaller-belly snake. Ugh! How I feel when a red-skin teck hol' of my wool, for jerk him off! I tell you fa'r, you Dan Ellis, if ever I *does* git away from dis, I lick you like de debble. Yes I will."

Dan instantly knocked the darky down. Then, without paying any further attention to him, he picked out a broad flat log, well worn by the waters down which it had floated many a league. Upon this he laid his precious powder-horn, shot-pouch, and rifle, wrapping them carefully in his hunting-shirt. He then bound the whole to the log with his belt. This done, he pushed out into the stream. As he did so, Cæsar rose and called after him.

"Hold on, Mass' Dan. I go wid you. Don't leave dis nigga; don't!"

The words directed the course of the nearest savage, and he bounded down the bank, tomahawk in hand. Cæsar saw that the warrior stood between himself and his haven of safety, the flowing stream. His quick ear caught the sound of coming feet, and woke in him a spirit of pugnacity which only great emergencies could excite. Lowering his head, he rushed headlong at the astounded Indian, striking him in the stomach with a blow like that of a thunderbolt. The next moment the savage was flying through the air, landing in the river, full eight feet from shore, stunned and sickened by the novel blow.

So swift was the rush of the negro upon his enemy, that

he was not able to check his speed, and Cæsar plumped into the water not far from the spot where the Indian went down. When the savage rose to the surface, blowing the water from his mouth, the negro was nowhere to be seen. Scouting Dan was about midway in the river, swimming as rapidly as possible to get out of range. Pealing out his war-cry to attract his companions, the Indian drew himself out of the water and began arranging his disordered dress. In a moment half a dozen dark forms parted the bushes on the bank and the shot began to patter on the surface.

At this moment a woolly ball suddenly appeared, parting the water a few yards from Dan, and coming into full view disclosed the head and shoulders of Cæsar. A bullet, better directed than the other, cut a lane in the thick wool. A yell of fear broke from the negro, and he again disappeared. The attention of the Indians was now directed entirely to Dan, and his situation became precarious. Though far from finished marksmen, the Indians were nearly all fair shots, and likely to come pretty near an object as large as a man's head not fifty yards distant. Dan knew this, and kept his head under water and behind his log as much as possible, swimming his wickedest all the time. But, every time his head appeared, he was greeted by a rattling volley, making his position any thing but pleasant. Four or five balls were already buried in the log. Half a dozen Indians were in the water exerting themselves to the utmost to catch him before he could gain the other shore. It was, indeed, a perilous moment.

"Cuss 'em," muttered the scout. "How they would like to git my sculp."

Nothing would have pleased them better. Two of his immediate pursuers were those whom he had made victims of his prowess that morning. Another was the youth who had unintentionally aided him in escaping from his bonds. All were eager for his blood for more reasons than one.

"I don't keer so much," was the next thought of the scout, "ef I kin keep them from goin' after Elsie and the major. They shan't do that. I wonder where the nigger is."

As he said this, the black head rose at his side, and a hand was laid upon the log.

"That's right, old boy," added Dan; "lay nold of it and swim your pootiest, an' we'll balk these red heathens yit."

Cæsar, in truth, was a most skillful swimmer, and under their united force the log was pushed through the water at a great pace, and soon reached the opposite shore. The first act of Dan was to unroll his arms and take aim at the leading Indian in the water. The rifle cracked. The Indian threw up his hands and disappeared from view. The other hesitated a moment, and then sprung forward with new zeal That moment of waiting sealed the doom of one, for in that moment the deadly rifle was reloaded.

"Crack!"

A man with a broken shoulder was struggling frantically in the stream, and was only saved by the devotion of a comrade. Dan might have killed him if he chose, but shot the man merely to frighten the rest.

"Ki!" cried Cæsar. "See 'em flounder like speared pickerel! Mebbe dey sorry now dey chase a poor nigger man. I t'ink dey quit now, Mass' Dan. W'at dey do now?"

"Stand up, man, and see what they are doing."

Cæsar looked, and to his intense disgust saw that the Indians were putting a number of logs together, forming a raft.

"W'at dey do dat for? Why dey no come over like men? Dey catch we now, sure."

"Come along, Snowball. We must make good time out of this."

Dan set off at a pace which taxed the powers of Cæsar to the utmost; but he was running for his scalp, and kept up nobly, running as only a frightened black can run, cheered by an occasional aspiration from the scout that he might yet save himself from the scalping-knife.

Down by the flowing river, with the roar of the water in their ears, went the two men, the scout cheerful and self-reliant, the negro dogged and despairing. The yells of the savages, who had by this time crossed the river, and gained the knowledge of the flight of their foe, might be heard in close pursuit. Dan's chief source of anxiety was in the fact that Wenona was one of the pursuers. The Giant Chief was better known along these borders than King Philip in Massachusetts, or Pontiac in the West. Combining the bodily

strength of the one with the acuteness of the other, without the sanguinary character which at times marked the course of both these distinguished chiefs, he became a source of fear to the people of the northern districts of New York. From his position south of the St. Lawrence, he could descend the rivers in boats to Champlain, and thence to Ticonderoga, from which he acted against the frontier settlements. Some atrocities perpetrated by others have been ascribed to him, without foundation in truth. His prisoners rarely had to complain of his treatment of them. If any taken by him were wronged, it was during his absence, and he never failed to wreak vengeance upon the delinquents, no matter who they were.

On the pursued men flew. The negro was wearing out, while the tough forester never showed a sign of exhaustion. Looking back, he saw that Cæsar was dropping foot by foot to the rear, an expression of utter despair upon his black face. Notwithstanding his cowardice, the slave was rather a favorite with the scout, and he hesitated.

"I'll *try* to save him," he muttered. "Turn to the left, Cæsar."

The negro obeyed, and in a moment they were clambering up a rocky hill, almost a precipice, upon the bank of the river. It was one of those tremendous limestone hills, lying under a deep bed of slate, which crumbles at exposure to the sun. Clinging by the shrubbery which grew sparsely upon the hill, dragging himself up by projecting roots, the scout finally reached a place where a long pine-log lay across a yawning chasm, many feet in depth, the sides lined by rough and jagged points of limestone, a fall on which was certain death. The tree was barked in places, as if human feet had crossed it before.

"Cross it," said Dan.

"Oh, Mass' Dan, I nebber dare do dat. W'at if I fall?"

"Cross it, you durned fool. Which hed you ruther do, cross on that log, an' take the chance of a broken neck, or stay on this side an' git your black sculp taken off?"

"I's try it, Mass' Dan. I's powerful 'fraid I kain't do it. It's so deep down dar."

"Hark to that, an' hesitate ef you dar'," said Dan.

The negro listened, and the fiendish yells at the foot of the bluff showed that the savages had found their new trail.

"Come here," said Dan. "I'll show you a sight."

The negro followed. They stood upon a flat apparently five hundred feet above the valley level, and there Cæsar saw a sight which filled his soul with terror. The whole Indian band, more hideous than ever, were grouped upon the green-sward below. Discovering the fugitives, they uttered a series of wild and startling cries, and some discharged their fire-arms, but the distance was so great that, with their common muskets, it was impossible to do any harm. Dan laughed and made a gesture of derision. At that the whole band was in motion, clambering up the bluff, Wenona ordering them on. He was as eager now as any of them for the capture of a man who had done so much harm to the French and Indian interests in the colony as the Big Elk. Great Snake, too, was eager to regain the fame he had lost by the escape of his prisoner in the morning. The victims of the encounter in the woods, in which Dan had captured the new rifle, also were hot in the chase; and lastly, the man who had been butted into the river was there, vowing vengeance on the negro, who had made him a mark of ridicule to the band.

"Nice lookin' lot of chaps down thar, ain't they?" said Dan. "Do you see Wenona? That is the big chief standing at the root of the tree. How would you like to have *him* git you? I reckon you had better try the bridge; they are coming up."

Cæsar needed no stronger incentive. Falling on his hands and knees, he crept cautiously over the log and safely reached the other side. Dan, active as a goat, and as sure-footed, ran across quickly.

"Take hold here, *you*," he said. "This tree must go down."

They grasped the tree together, and by their united strength, succeeded in hurling it into the abyss. Dan uttered a wild cry of delight as he saw it go down. The Indians heard that shout. They had heard it once before that day, and they knew it meant mischief.

"Come," said Dan. "They are gettin' near. You mout git a shot. Come to my hole."

He led the way. They clambered up a number of natural steps in the limestone, and stood in a sort of alcove which the hand of nature had cut in the rock. The opening could not be called a cave. It was circular in shape, and rose to a hight of twenty feet. The floor was perhaps fifteen feet each way, and was covered by débris which had dropped from the roof at different times. The opening in front extended from the floor to the roof, but was only about three feet wide. On each side of the opening was a platform of limestone, and on the left, a small horizontal passage could be seen.

"You stay here," said Dan, pointing to the platform on the right.

Taking his rifle, he fell upon his knees, and crept through the low passage on the left. It extended for perhaps twenty feet and then came out upon another platform, or ledge, four feet wide by thirty in length. A piece of limestone had been broken from the ledge in front, giving a clear view of the chasm and mountain path, up which the Indians were coming. To the north and east, there was an extended view of river and forest, as far as the eye could reach. It was a beautiful sight at any other time, but just now Dan had no eye for the beauties of nature.

CHAPTER IV.

INTO THE DEPTHS.

He had little time for thought, before the headmost savage appeared on the verge of the chasm, in plain sight. The Indian started back astounded and shouted to the others. At the call, Wenona sprung upon the platform in his gorgeous war-dress, shaking aloft the hatchet which none but he, in all the tribe, could wield. Dan had not thought of that. He must muzzle that hatchet. With that weapon, how easy it would be for the savage to make another bridge by which to cross the chasm!

The scout raised his deadly rifle to fire the fatal shot, when an accident saved the life of the great chief. The band had

crowded up and were standing on the edge of the gulf, when one of them stumbled, and to save him the chief caught the warrior, dropping the hatchet from his hand. The bright weapon went whirling down the gulf, rebounding from rock to rock, until it settled into the water of the little stream, stealing through the rift in the bluff. Dan lowered his rifle.

"I'd hate to shoot a man like that," he said. "I won't kill him unless he pushes me too hard. I'm desperate 'fraid he'll do it."

"Why de debble don' you shoot, Dan Ellis?" said the harsh voice of the negro. He looked around. Cæsar, unable to endure the silence of the cavity, had crawled through the passage, though in deadly fear every inch of the way.

"What are you doin' here, Cæsar? I told you to stay in thar. I've a good mind to throw you down the rocks. Don't peep ag'in or you are a dead man."

"Nobody ain't scart of *you*, I guess, Dan Ellis. You t'ink I no more dan a big fool to stay in dar. S'pose dem Injins get 'crost? Dey go fer me de fust t'ing. I's awful 'fraid ob dat big Injin. He got *sech* an eye!"

"Oh, shut up! You'll git a crack over the head. Watch them Injins."

The savages were darting hither and thither in great confusion. Evidently the appearance of the chasm had been unlooked for. Even Wenona seemed nonplused. He peered about in every direction, and at last dropped on his knees and began to examine the place where the tree had rested on the rock. Then he peered into the chasm and pointed out the shattered trunk below.

"He sees it," said Dan. "That Injin can't be beat. He knows how we got acrost."

"He can't do it, dough. It's twenty-fibe feet," said Cæsar.

"He'd git acrost hisself, if he was a mind to," said Dan. "I believe he could jump it. I'm afraid he will take it into his darned head to git acrost alone. Ef he does, I will hev to shoot him, an' I don't want to do that, nohow. He's such a noble chap."

"You's de biggest fool I ebber see in all my life, you, Dan Ellis. Dat's an *Injin* down dar. Don' you understan'?

Dat's an *Injin!* A bloody, red, scalpin' t'ievin' Injin! Why de debble you 'fraid to shoot him? Gib me de gun an' I shoot de nasty beast."

"You! Durn you for a fool; you couldn't hit a sycamore seven feet through at the butt, at ten paces."

"Liar, liar, liar!" roared Cæsar, incautiously raising his voice. In a moment Dan sprung upon him, and kicked him in the shins without mercy. Since the negro had betrayed their whereabouts, concealment was no longer possible, and Dan kicked away vigorously, interspersing the punishment by a running fire of commentaries, not over and above complimentary.

"You woolly-headed ape." Bump! "What in thunder did you yell for, an' let the red niggers know where we were?" Bump—bump! "You knock-kneed sheep's-head; you half-starved specimen of a tar-barrel; I'll teach you manners."

Here followed a perfect storm of kicks, at which the cries of Cæsar were redoubled. Seeing that he was effectually humbled, Dan turned his attention to the work in front. Not an Indian was to be seen! At the first sound of the voice of the negro, they had sunk from sight, behind bushes and rocks, and now lay peering out toward the bluff, their keen eyes glittering like suddenly lighted fires. They had supposed that the fugitives, after crossing the chasm, had continued their flight.

"You see dey 'fraid, affer all," said Cæsar, rising, and rubbing his sore shins.

"You think the Indians are gone, eh? What do you think about shin-sculping, anyhow?"

"No gemman go to kick anudder in he shin. Dat's de nos' tender point in he system. He sawt o' regulates de hole integral system ob him nature, you understan' De regulation ob de system ob man mek it ne'ssary."

"Never see'd a madder nigger in all my born days! Whar did you learn all *that* stuff?"

"Stuff! Dat what you call stuff? Mass' Tom say all dat hese own self."

"Tom ain't a nat'ral born fool. He never talked no such nonsense as that."

"Did too! Whose a liar? I ain't a liar am I?"

"Silence! Look thar. You thought they were gone. Do you see the chief? By the Eternal, he must stop that or I must stop *him*."

This exclamation was called forth by seeing the Giant Chief ascending a low tree which overhung the chasm. It was a pine, and from its outmost branches it was hardly eight feet to the opposite side. If he reached it, they were lost. His Herculean frame was seen moving cautiously forward, and he was nearing the top, when Dan shouted to him:

"Wenona!"

The chief paused. The expression of his face showed a lofty determination to overcome the difficulties before him or die in the attempt.

"Big Elk calls out to the chief of the St. Regis," replied the giant. "What would he have?"

"I would hev you hold on," replied the scout. "I crave no man's blood, but come not a step nearer or I fire."

"Big Elk speaks to ears which are deaf," replied the chief, haughtily.

"My finger is on a trigger which will not fail," answered Dan. "I would spare your life. Pause, while there is time."

"Does the Big Elk speak to a child or to a warrior?" cried the chief. "Because he is hid in the rocks and has a gun, shall Wenona go back?"

"Advance then, and may the Lord have marcy on your unprepared soul. I'd ruther not shoot you, chief, but if you cross that place, the rest will foller, and thar's an end of me and this nig for good and all. I shot the painter to save your life, because you hed fought for a gal I like. I'm sorry to turn muzzle ag'in' your breast so soon arter it."

"Big Elk," said Wenona, quietly, pausing a moment in the tree, "when we met this morning we fought to save a woman. A brave man always fights for a woman, because she is weak. Now that is past and we are men. Let us fight like men. I hope the Forest Flower will get safe to her wigwam."

"Are you bound to come?"

"I have said it. Do your worst."

Dan raised his rifle and waited for a favorable moment to

fire. He had resolved to wait until the chief landed on the verge of the chasm, because there was an open place, from which it was impossible to escape the shot in any way. The warriors in the thickets yelled at the top of their lungs, to draw his attention from the chief. He never looked at them. His keen eyes were riveted on that majestic form, which he must soon lay in the dust.

The chief was wary. In his ascent, he exposed only a small portion of his person, managing to keep the body of the tree between him and the leveled rifle of the foe. Perhaps he miscalculated the powers of Dan with a rifle; perhaps his confidence in his own good luck had something to do with it; but, underlying all, was a courage worthy of Spartan days. At times Dan could see a stalwart arm, a part of a leg, or a portion of the body, showing themselves from behind the tree. Near the summit Wenona paused. He had hoped to draw Dan's fire before this, and began to expose himself more, preferring a shot while in the tree to one on the clear ground on which he must alight. But, Dan was not to be drawn into premature action. His rifle lay across a point of rock, the stock pressed against his shoulder and the silver plate, bearing the name of the former owner, pressed against his cheek—an attitude of vigilance, from which he could fire at a moment's notice. Cæsar, in a perfect frenzy of fear, danced wildly up and down upon the rocks, calling to him by every thing good and true, profane and otherwise, to "shoot dat Injin." But Dan was as impassible as the rocks around him. Cæsar talked to deaf ears.

The moment came. The gigantic form of Wenona towered in the air, and he attempted the leap. And now happened a catastrophe which no one had calculated upon, as sudden as it was appalling. The tree broke short under his feet, and he dropped into that yawning gulf. Dan uttered a cry of compassion, and craned his neck to get a sight of the falling man. For twenty feet nothing impeded his fall, when the beholders saw him shoot out his powerful arms and grasp a small cedar which grew from a crevice in the rock, and there he swung, midway between the summit and the bottom, sustained only by his arms.

In that desperate situation, the brave soul of the Indian

did not give way. He raised his head, and pealed out his terrible war-cry. The braves, unmindful of danger, ran to the edge of the cliff and looked over. To their horror, they saw that the evergreen, under the great weight, was being dragged from its roots, and that the chief was sinking slowly. He cast a look below to see where he should fall, and discovered beneath him, at a distance of five or six feet, a ledge perhaps a foot wide.

As he looked, the roots parted and he dropped. His feet struck the ledge, and for a moment he tottered, but, hanging on by the jagged points, he managed to make good his footing. And there he stood, with his face to the rocky wall, only kept from falling by the exertion of all his strength. Below him the ragged rocks lay, waiting to dash him to pieces when he fell. Dan stood spell-bound, watching his foe's perilous situation. Wenona did not remain long standing against the rocks. The strain was too great even for his iron nerves, and he allowed himself to slide downward, until one knee rested on the ledge. Then the other knee came down, and in this position he rested for a moment. Then followed an exhibition of muscle and courage, the like of which Scouting Dan had never seen before.

"I hope he drop pooty soon," said Cæsar, who had no wish to meet such a man.

"Durn your eyes! You wish that ag'in an' I'll break you in two. Look at that!"

The chief had grasped the edge of the shelf with both hands, and, exerting to their utmost limit the steel-like muscles, thrust forward his whole body, which then swung downward, and he again hung by his arms. By good-fortune he found a foothold, and again rested.

Would he escape?

If consummate courage and hardihood would avail, he must succeed; but, many a feat of strength must be done before he could reach the point at which he was aiming, from which he could descend from shelf to shelf, not easily, but without imminent peril. Dan really was anxious for the chief's escape. "I'll fight fair," he thought. "A man ain't half a man that won't do that. I hope the poor devil will git clear an' then we kin fight it out."

The chief made his way, foot by foot, down the perilous descent. Foot after foot nearer safety, till the goal seemed won. But, when the feet of Wenona were hardly a yard from the shelf of limestone, as if affected by the weight above, it suddenly gave way, and fell with a dull crash into the depths below, leaving a deep cavity in the place where it had been, and taking with it in its downward course other projections which might have given him a resting-place for his tired feet.

Wenona's condition was now more appalling than ever. He had descended the face of the rock full sixty feet, but now further descent was simply impossible.

In moments like these, the innate courage or cowardice of the heart shows itself. Wenona proved himself to be the man of iron will and indomitable purpose. Nothing in his set face betrayed fear or even surprise; a new piece of work had been cut out for him; he determined to do it like a man.

Scouting Dan, from his eyrie, looked down in compassion on the chief, and thought perhaps it had been mistaken mercy in him to spare the noble savage so long.

"He's got his death, poor chap. I'd like to save him if I could. I'll do it if I kin. He's an Injin; but, for all that, he's a man."

Regaining the ledge to which he still clung, and settling down upon one knee, the chief took his knife from his belt and began the work which alone would save him. The limestone being soft, it was possible to hew his way out of that gorge by cutting a path up the side of the precipice. For a deed like that, in after years, a man became immortal.

The heavy blade, directed by an arm of Titan strength, carved out step after step with singular rapidity. Dan, seeing the efforts he was making, suddenly fell upon all fours, crawled through the opening, and cheered him lustily. The magnanimity of such an act was felt even by the Indians on the other side of the chasm, and for a moment, no one raised a hand against him. Then the click of musket-locks could be heard. Wenona paused in his upward course and shouted to his men.

"Are the St. Regis dogs, and the sons of dogs? Let no man dare to shoot at him now."

Another cheer from Dan.

"Big Elk," replied Wenona, "go while it is time. If I escape, I follow you again."

"All right, chief," said Dan. "You ar' a man after my own heart. Cut a little to the left. You'll find the limestone softer where it's white. Look out an' not git into the slate. That won't never bear *your* heft."

The Indian worked on in silence. For an hour no sound was heard but the click of the steel as it dug into the solid face of the cliff, inch by inch. He neared the top, and now was full of hope. He would yet escape and follow on the trail of Scouting Dan. Dan had gone back into the cover, and nothing more was seen of him. Only from where the warriors stood, they could see that it was next to impossible for him to escape from the place in which he lay, for a flat rock, thirty feet high, rose in the air behind him. One of the Indians had taken off his hunting-shirt and cut it into strips. From these they formed a rope which they lowered to Wenona. He fastened it firmly under his arms, and then, together, the band raised him to the surface. For ten minutes or more he lay panting for breath, and then was himself again.

Springing to his feet he issued his orders rapidly. Using their tomahawks the warriors cut down a small pine, felling it across the chasm. Wenona was the first to pass over the precarious bridge. To the surprise of all, the rifle which they had anticipated would be deadly to the first man was silent. Wenona was safe.

"Come on," thundered the chief, whirling a tomahawk bove his head; "do you fear one man?"

The warriors trooped across, one after another. Still the rifle was silent. This strange conduct filled them with fear; but, incited by the voice of Wenona, they scrambled up the rocks like squirrels, seeking everywhere for the hiding-place of the enemy. A loud whoop from the Great Snake told that he had found the opening in which the fugitives had first hidden. Wenona dashed up the ascent. Every one expected to see him come rolling back with a bullet in his brain. No

report was heard. Of course the cave was found empty. The keen eye of the chief soon discovered the narrow passage and through this passage he went in silence. But the ledge was empty and the birds flown.

CHAPTER V.

DOWNING.

Tom Osborne and Elsie, by the self-devotion of the scout, were able to get away without molestation. Down the river they went under the impetus of the paddles in the hands of the negro and the officer. The girl sat in the middle of the boat, facing Tom. There was no reserve between these two. They had been troth-plighted by their parents years before, and when they grew old enough to understand it, were glad to satisfy the desires of their elders. She was beautiful, spirited, and talented; he was a brave man, a favorite officer in his regiment, a man of "quality," and well educated. Every one in the district regarded it as a grand match.

"My darling girl," said Tom, "I do not wish to reproach you, but it seems to me you are very wrong in placing your life in this jeopardy."

"I know it, Tom, but I do hate to be cooped up in the village."

"But, why can you not ramble in the woods nearer home?"

"I like a spice of danger in every thing," she said, laughing. "I never thought of the bears. How horribly unpleasant the encounter was! The Indian saved me."

"For that he is sacred from my rifle or sword. I will never kill him except to save my life or that of a friend."

"You can do no less, dear Tom. Remember that he fought them single-handed, and had turned to meet the panther when Dan shot it. I have heard of brave men, but I never saw one I thought looked so noble as that Indian chief. Bear in mind that he had no reason but those he found in his own gallant heart to come to my aid. I was a

woman, and that was enough for him—a chivalrous coat, and one our gallants would do well to follow."

"You seem to be half in love with the chief," said Tom, laughing.

"Wholly so. In good earnest, I would sooner be accused of loving a man like that, than such a man, for example, as Nathan Downing."

"Poor Nat! You do not seem to like him. Why?"

"You persist in believing in that man. I warn you that he yet will betray you. I can not endure the steel-like glitter of his cold gray eye. I wish you had any other person for a friend."

"He always has been true to me."

"You have never been in his way. One day you shall say that I am right and you are wrong."

"What especial fault do you find in Nat?"

"I can not say to you *why* I dislike him. There is a nameless something about him which repels me. I consider this poor Indian superior to him in all that constitutes true manhood."

"Rather hard on Nat."

"Not at all. There is a cringing way about him which is not right in one who has such an eye as his. You may say what you like, but one day Nathan Downing will make you repent having trusted in him. I am sure of it. Do you think Dan is in any great danger?"

"I hope not. He is vigilant, active, and brave as a lion. If these will keep him out of the clutches of the Indians, he is safe."

"Poor Cæsar will be frightened to death."

"He's bery awful coward," put in Cudjoe, digging away with his paddle.

"Do you think so, Cudj?" said Tom.

"Yeh, drefful coward. He dem talk loud 'nuff wid he mout, but he no talk when de fight come. I don't t'ink dat Cæsar bery 'sponsible pusson. You nebber yerry me talk w'at I gwine do fur Massa an' Missa. See dat w'en time come."

The boy looked as though he meant what he said. He was a mulatto whom Tom made much of, and had constituted him his body-servant.

"I believe you would do me good service,' said Tom. "I wish we could have taken him with us, for, if he worries Dan, the scout will stop and give him a flogging, even if the Indians are not ten feet away."

"That is just like Dan. But, he is a noble fellow. If I were asked who of all men I could trust in this world, I should answer in favor of uncle Dan before all the world except—"

The girl did not finish the sentence, but her lover understood it, and seizing her hand, kissed it. Although Cudjoe had his back to them, he always claimed that he had a "sort of sneakin' notion" what was going on.

They passed a bend in the river, from which they could obtain a view of the hill and bluff upon which Dan Ellis was at that moment standing, warning back the chief. From the place where the canoe lay they could make out the figures of the Indians, and even of Cæsar and Dan. Then they saw the tall form of Wenona rise in the tree and go down as they supposed to a horrible death.

"He is gone," said the girl, in an awe-stricken tone, shading her eyes with her hands. "Noble fellow; brave man. So soon after he saved my life. But, I think Dan did not kill him."

"No, the tree broke; he has fought his last battle. That gully is fully a hundred and fifty feet deep."

"A prayer from a woman's lips has done much before now. If prayers will avail for that noble, untutored spirit, he shall have mine," said Elsie, solemnly.

"He has earned a title of honor in my eyes in saving your life, dear one. If wishes could bring him back to life, he would live again. But on, Cudjoe! As I live, I believe the chief never told his followers that Elsie was in the woods. Who ever heard of an Indian who would do that? One of nature's noblemen has died."

"Are you acquainted with the place where Dan and Cæsar stand?"

"Yes. it has its strength and its weakness. It is so strong that nobody can get in, and when in it is impossible to get out, if the only entrance is guarded."

"Do the Indians know the secret?"

"I think not. These are St. Regis men, from near Montreal. Unless they have a renegade Iroquois among them, they know nothing about it. I hope they do not. Dan would never have entered the place unless hard pressed. Push on, Cudjoe; let us get to the village and turn out the men to his aid."

The water fairly hissed about the blades of the paddles, and the light canoe sped down the stream, under the impetus given by those strong arms. For half an hour not a word was said, and then the village came in sight, nestling down by the side of the rapid water-course. It was one of those frontier towns which strong hands had built up along the streams, and at which the Indian looked with suspicion and fear. They saw in those growing towns the germ of a nation by which they must some day be pushed to the wall. The houses, low, rambling structures, with many gables and wide eaves, are now almost a thing of the past. But, now and then, in Williamstown, Schenectady, and other towns of German origin, such structures still may be seen. Into such a town as this, after pulling the canoe up on the bank, Tom Osborne made his way. Entering the small square before the rude court-house, Osborne, lifting the bugle at his side, blew a shrill blast, which brought out the populace, old and young.

"Silence all," said a venerable man. "Major Osborne has not called us together for nothing. Now, major, we should like to hear you."

"Thank you, Judge Dayton," replied the young man. "I am come, my lads, to call for volunteers. A body of French Indians have chased Dan Ellis and Cæsar into a cavity in the bluffs on the river, which we know as the round cave. There they are at bay. I ask for volunteers to go to their rescue. It is barely three miles. All the young men among you, ready to follow me, detach themselves from the crowd, and form in line near the pump."

Forty or fifty stout young men at once formed in the required place, and more were coming, but the major stopped them. "Enough for the present," he said. "Go for your arms."

The volunteers hastened away, and Judge Dayton came to the major with outstretched hand and humid eye.

"You know how I love my daughter," he said, "and you and your scout have saved her. I want to go with you. I want to take that brave fellow by the hand, and more still, I want to find the body of that truly brave man, the Indian, and give it the burial it deserves."

"My dear judge, I will join you heart and hand in that. No matter if he were ten thousand times an Indian, when he forsook the training of years in an Indian village, and followed the impulses of a noble heart to succor one of a race whom, with good reason, he hates, I, for one, am no longer his enemy. It is possible that he may not be dead. If so, then we will be to each other what we have been before, enemies."

"But not vindictive; and if a time comes when you can be of service to the Indian, remember that he fought for my child."

"I can never forget it, judge. But, it is not necessary for you to join us. All that you would do I can attend to. The boys are in line. I bid you good-by. Elsie, I can not stay for long farewells. You know my heart. God bless you now and evermore."

There could have been no dearer parting. One by one the young men disappeared in the depths of the forest, treading in each other's steps, after the manner of the Indians. Tom Osborne walked at their head. Near him was a dark-haired young man, of sinewy frame, who carried a rifle with the grace of a practiced hunter. His dress was a little finer than that of his fellows. The hand which held the rifle at the "trail" was white as a woman's. His face was browned by exposure to the sun, and was handsome and stately. His eyes were a kind of brown gray, and had a peculiar steel-like brightness which was very unpleasant. This was Nathan Downing, whom the betrothed of Tom Osborne had spoken of in any thing but complimentary terms.

"So the Indian saved her life," he said, continuing a conversation in regard to Elsie. "It seems our worthy friend Dan came up just in the nick of time."

"He did indeed. The panther was hovering over the head of the Indian, who, with a knife in each hand, stood waiting for him. It is a question who would have gained the day,

for the strength of that man is something wonderful. In my humble judgment, let any six men in this command have assailed him without weapons, and the six would have been worsted."

"I thought you did not see him."

"I did not, this time. I met Wenona once in Ticonderoga and admired his Herculean proportions. He is, I am sure, a noble fellow, in mind as well as body."

"I see very little nobility in the Indian," said Nathan. "Taken as a people they are a thieving set. Taken individually they are vagabonds; their room is better than their company."

"Ha! What is that?"

The company halted, and heard the whistle of the quail, three times repeated.

"Halt, boys," said Tom. "No fighting to-day. Dan Ellis is coming in."

He was right. The scout soon appeared, coming on at a brisk trot, trailing his rifle, while close in his rear was Cæsar, completely cowed by the events of the day.

"Thank God you are safe, old boy," said. Tom, pressing Dan's hand warmly. "The last I saw of you was when the chief fell from the tree. He was killed, was he not?"

"I want to tell you about it," replied Dan, "and then I want you to say whether you have got a man in the settlement capable of doing it. I says not. But git round me an' hear to what I say."

The command grouped themselves about the hardy fellow, and listened, with many exclamations of surprise, to the account of the day's doings, since he parted from Tom on the river's bank. A laugh ran through the party when he told of the punishment inflicted upon Cæsar for using his mouth too much; to which laugh the black made answer by an ireful gesture, and the exclamation, "You t'ink a black man ain't got no feelin'. Mebbe you like to try 'em yourself w'edder shin ain't tender place."

"Be silent, Cæsar," said Tom.

"Dat's good 'nuff, you to say, be silent, Cæsar, w'en you ain't got your own shin kick. Dat's de way wid you w'ite men. You don't car' for poor nigger."

"I wish to hear Dan's story, Cæsar. Be careful not to interrupt him again, or I will cut a hickory."

Cæsar stood back in high dudgeon. Dan went on with his story, interrupted only by low exclamations, and an occasional "liar, liar," on the part of Cæsar, who was not quite extinguished by Tom's threat.

"I left out one part for the last," continued the narrator "'cause it's the best, an' I allus keep the best things for the last. You see the red niggers got mighty clost onto the black 'un—so clost that one of 'em got between him an' the river. What does the unnat'ral varmint do but haul off, an' let him have one with his head right in the bread-basket, that sent him chock on his head into the river. You never see a madder Injin. An' then Cæsar he plunged in arter him, an' swum under water 'bout a rod, an' then cum up to git breath. Bim! cum the musket-balls, an' old Cæsar got under mighty sudden."

Every man was roaring with laughter, as they thought of the spectacle the negro must have presented, rushing bareheaded upon an armed Indian, and by sheer thickness of skull driving him off his feet.

"Hurt your head any, old man?" asked one.

"Give him a toothache in his toenail, I kin see that," said another.

"Why, he is turning black in the face. No wonder, poor fellow!"

"'Tain't that at all," said Dan. "He kin explain it himself. He'll tell you thet in consekens of the disarrangement of his shin-bone, caused by the application of the oil of moccasin in a solid state, the system hez undergone a radikle change. Them's his very words on this very day."

"You t'ink you *dreffful* smart now, ole Dan Ellis! Nebber seen a bigger fool in all my life. Like to sell fool like you at shilling apiece; git heap ob money. Oh, you may laugh, an' you may wink you eye, but you's fools, all de same, ebery single one ob you."

"Enough of nonsense," said Tom. "How did you get away from the bluff? I always supposed there was no way, except through the round cave."

"Thar is though. Cæsar was skirmishing around for a way

rut of the little trap we was in, and he found a place where the rock was split from the top half-way to the ground. You know how to work it in goin' up or down through a crack, just wide enough to work our elbers in. We got down to the tree-tops and clum through them to the ground, and here we ar'."

As he spoke a sharp yell broke from the forest near at hand. The Indians were on the trail. Every laughing face at once grew grim at a word from their leader, and as the bands of Roderic Dhu disappeared at the signal of the Gael,

"Down sunk the disappearing band."

Trained to the forest, these young borderers knew the wiles of the savages and met them in kind. The Indians fully comprehended the difference between the red and the green jackets. Those of the forest hue were full of woodman tricks, which rather puzzled the St. Regis warriors, who had been accustomed to lay an ambush for men who formed in close column, in order that their fire might be more effective.

At the place where the band sunk from sight the cover was very dense, but beyond the woods were open, and an enemy passing must be exposed to a terrible fire. The warriors were coming on at a brisk pace, in a pretty compact mass for Indians, and as they entered upon the open ground a withering fire saluted them. As the snow melts before the rays of the sun, they vanished. A moment before the rifles began to crack, the woods seemed alive with painted savages The next, and they were gone, except some half-dozen who lay stark and stiff, their blood soaking into the forest-leaves and moss.

A war-cry, startling in its volume, seemed to recall the warriors to themselves, and their muskets began to play. The meeting with the white men had been unexpected, and the St. Regis were not in sufficient force to risk an encounter Wenona, though brave almost to rashness, was a prudent leader, and did not like to expose his men. Six of his best warriors lay dead in the opening, and it was impossible to rescue their bodies. With a heavy heart, the chief drew off his braves, leaving two or three warriors to keep up the semblance of a defense until they were well on their way. For half an hour, these three, flitting from one tree to another

kept up a continuous fire, leading Tom to suppose that the Indian band lay in front. Dan was the first to scent the deception.

"They are foolin' us, Tom. Thar ain't more than two or three different muskets thar. Hark to them! They ar' nearly all gone. Ar' you for following?"

"I think not. The chief is cunning and may lead us into an ambush. It is getting dark."

"It looks like cowardice to stop now," said Nathan Downing. "Let us pursue."

"I reckon you ar' a good woodman, Nat Downing, an' for that reason sech advice ez that ar' sounds unnat'ral to me. You know the danger of chasin' up an Injin like Wenona in the dark."

"Well, old Honesty," said Downing, with the strange sparkle in his eyes which Elsie said she did not like; "I never thought you would show the white feather."

"The white feather! Now look here, Nat Downing, you an' I ain't very good friends. I've got my reasons, an' I call 'em good ones for not trustin' you too fur. But I tell you to look out. Don't say white feather to *me* ag'in or I will be into you with a bloody spur. What? Because a man won't foller a lot of painted reptiles in a dark trail, through the most cussid country ever seen, you talk of the white feather to him—a man that has sarved the country faithful all his days? Mebbe you hev too, but don't push the white feather in my face or I'll tell why I think you ain't sarved quite ez faithful as I hev."

"You had better keep a guard upon your tongue," rejoined Downing, hoarsely, with a fierce light in his eyes. "It will be the better for you if you do."

"I ain't frightened a bit, mister. You look out. Yo need it more than I do."

"Dan Ellis, be careful," said Tom. "Do not forget that you are speaking to a friend of mine."

"That ain't it. He ain't got no call to misname me a coward, at my age."

"Every one knows better. Nathan was heated or he would not have said that of a man whose services have received the praise of the Commander-in-Chief."

"I don't doubt that Dan has courage," said Downing. "He will have it tried before long."

"Do you threaten me?" demanded the irate scout.

"Threaten? Oh no! Take it as you like. No man ever insulted me and did not repent it before he died. Mark that."

"You were the first aggressor, Nathan. I think you are in the wrong. If I had chosen to pay attention, some of your remarks implied a doubt of my courage. I did not think proper to notice it. Even now, it is with the boys to say whether we pursue the enemy or not. What do you say?"

CHAPTER VI.

THE WARNING VOICE.

A BRIEF consultation ensued, and it was agreed that, as the Indians had inflicted no loss upon them, but had lost several of their own number, it would be best not to pursue them. The size of the band made it probable that, after their loss, they would retire from the country for the present. Downing looked vexed at their refusal to pursue, and walked apart all the way to the village.

"I thought you had lost your rifle, Dan," said Tom, as they moved on, side by side.

"So I did. This one was captured soon arter. Read the name on the butt. My eddication was rather neglected, so to speak."

Tom took the rifle and recognized it at a glance as the property of a man who was justly mourned by the colonists Lord Howe, who fell in the assault on Ticonderoga, or rather the day before the assault.

"Keep this rifle, Dan," said he, "and when you look at it, remember that it was the property of a brave man, and a noble. That was the rifle of Lord Howe. It has come into hands which will not disgrace it."

"I'll be proud of it now," said Dan. "It's a noble weepon, an' must have cost a power of money to make. I want to

speak to you. Look out for Nat Downing. I mistrust him shameful. He ain't no true friend to you."

"I wonder what Nat Downing has got about him that people can't believe in him at all? They can't, though. It is a very surprising thing to me. He is a brave fellow, handles a sword neatly, can pick the ace of hearts out of the card at twenty paces, and is a good Indian fighter. Why you and Elsie, on whose judgment I rely, should insist upon making him a villain, I can not understand."

"Mout be you will understand some day. Mind, I give you warnin'. I know what I'm talkin' about. You mind how savage he looked when I said I'd tell *why* I didn't trust him? I know something I won't tell while he attends to his business; but the moment he gits off the track I give it to him."

"What has he done?"

"I can't tell now. But you hear to Elsie. She don't like him neither. Sarves him right. He ain't no fool, mind. In fact, he's ruther too sharp for his own good, is Nat Downing. Now, look here. I don't ask much of you, but you watch. I want you to do that; and if you don't ketch Nat at some dirty trick or other, then I'm a liar."

"I will do as you say."

"That's right. You know I wouldn't say a word only for your good. I never would do that. I don't like him, and you won't when you come to *know* him."

"When a man has marched and fought by your side for two years and even shielded you with his body in danger, it is hard to think him a traitor to friendship."

"He has had a good reason for likin' you; he has a better reason for hatin' you now."

"What reason, pray?"

"Elsie Dayton. A very pretty reason she is too."

Tom started as if a serpent had stung him. The truth struck him at last; the scout was on the right scent. This friend wanted him to lead or drive his rival into an ambush, and for what? That the rival might be killed off and leave an open path for the betrayer. All seemed made clear, as by a lightning-flash in the darkness.

"You never thought of that, I'll be bound," said Dan.

"Never; but, I can trust Elsie."

"True enuff. You kin trust that little gal. That ain't it. When you made them acquainted you roused the devil in him, a devil it will take six inches of cold steel, or half an ounce of lead to lay. He's a man of cold blood, nat'rally, but heat sech blood an' it's hotter than red-hot fire from the pit. Now you mind what I say."

"I will watch him. I will see what this traitor is trying to do, and if I prove your words true, woe to him!"

"What will you do?"

"I'll call him out."

"Don't you do it! He's more than a match for you with the small-sword, because he kin keep his temper an' you can't. Now, you just let him go on his own gait. Don't let him know that you suspect him; that would never do. And some day you may ketch him makin' love to her. Then, if he talks fight, send for me."

"For what?"

"I've got somethin' that will take the fight out of him so quick he won't know where he stands," said Dan. "I don't want you to fight him when I ain't by, neither. Now, go an talk to him, and don't let him overreach you."

Downing was pacing on in moody silence as Tom approached him. He looked up angrily.

"What is the matter with you, Nat?"

"Matter enough when you uphold these fellows in annoying me."

"Indeed? You should be careful what you say to a man like Dan Ellis, who has been tried in the furnace. All the boys like him, and if you can reflect upon his bravery, I wonder who among us all is not a coward."

"I meant no reflection on his bravery. I was angry that the Indians were to be allowed to escape."

"They got the worst of it."

"True; but not a man among them should have been permitted to escape."

"You are bloodthirsty."

"Am I? You are wrong. These red devils who have drenched these borders in blood, certainly deserve no mercy at our hands. Even the great brute they call the Giant Chief, in spite of his chivalry, would get none from me."

"Pray God you never may have to meet the chief in single combat. You would be a feather in his grasp."

"Complimentary to my strength."

"So should I be. Dan says that he himself would fear to attack him. What chance would either of us have?"

"I fancy I could find a way to his heart with a sword-point," said the other. "A man wants a good shield to keep a blade like mine off his body.'

"You are a good swordsman; but the chief is a wonderful adept in the use of knife and hatchet. The tomahawk he wields is an ax in size. His knife-blade is at least a foot long, and the length of his arms are a great advantage at close quarters."

"You are like the rest. For my part I do not believe the wonderful tales they tell of this fellow. Perhaps he is the extraordinary man they say he is, but I should have no hesitation in attacking him with a small-sword, if the blade held. Of course I must take my chance of that."

"I assure you that the strength of the chief is wonderful."

"Suppose it is. What is strength to science? I believe I could conquer him. But, what I wish to know is, why I have been insulted to-day."

"Insulted?"

"Yes; you allowed that ruffian to insult me."

"Excuse me. I must repeat that you were entirely in the wrong. I would not advise you to quarrel with Dan. He is an odd fellow. He has been in many places and seen and heard many things which are stored in the treasury of his mind, and which he can bring out upon occasions of the right kind. Do not make him angry."

"What do you mean?"

"I thought I expressed myself clearly enough. I mean that it was not for your interest to make Dan your enemy. He knows too much."

"By ——, you have some hidden meaning in this. You shall say what you mean. Has the liar been blabbing to you? If he has, I will cut his throat from ear to ear. If by treachery and sneaking he obtains a knowledge of something—"

Downing paused suddenly, feeling that his anger was carrying him too far, and that Tom was listening to his words

with great attention. Cursing his stupidity, he floundered out of the net in the best way he could.

"It is cursed hard if a man must have a spy upon his actions in every thing. That fellow has been following for three months on my trail, pumping my very servants in reference to my business. I will not endure it."

"I am confident that Dan never acts without a reason," said Tom. "On one point let me set your mind at rest. D has told me nothing, and I wish to know nothing, of t thing which seems to cause you so much disquiet."

Downing, more angry at his loss of temper than ever, could have knocked his head against a tree in pure vexation. He was the more angry, from the fact that he seldom allowed his temper to get the better of him in this manner, and always had counted on this as giving him an advantage over Tom, who was hot-headed. Indeed, it required considerable self-control to keep down his anger now. Before any thing more could be said, they had reached the village. The young men dispersed to their homes, except a few who had joined the crowd of idlers in the bar-room of the old tavern, and talked of the events of the day or listened again to the story of Dan Ellis, embellished according to the taste and fancy of the narrator.

CHAPTER VII.

UNMASKED.

THE Indians had retreated, and for some days all was quiet about the village. The bands of savages roaming up and down had disappeared, under the guidance of some master-hand. Dan Ellis did not like the looks of things, and warned the people to have their arms ready.

"It looks too much like Indian deviltry," he said. "They haul off to give you a notion you are safe, and then come down on you of a suddent, cuss 'em. Besides, it ain't like Wenona to take a lickin' so tamely. You bet your boots he's layin' somewhar gatherin' in men, an' fust you know he makes

a swoop. It may be at us, or it may be at some other place Most likely us, because he has got a spite ag'in us for the lickin' he got."

Nathan Downing pooh-poohed the idea. The Indians had gone out of the country, he said. The lesson they had received had cowed them.

Scouting Dan listened to his talk with a smile, and then shouldered his long rifle for a new course through the woods. The signs troubled him; he found many new trails, all converging toward a given point. He knew that the savages were gathering, though for what purpose he could not understand.

Three weeks had passed, and, lulled into security, the people of the village were going about their daily labor with light hearts. The young men and maidens again began to roam the forest around. Tom Osborne had gone to Albany, and was to return in a few days. Elsie, lured by the delicious weather, had wandered off into the woods, about a mile from the village, when a rustling among the leaves startled her; the bushes parted, and the Giant Chief stood before her.

"Forest Flower," he said, in the melodious tones which were so sweet in the ears of the Indian maidens, "what do you here so far from the town?"

"I came to gather flowers, chief, and to enjoy the shade," she answered, fearlessly. "Who is there would harm a girl? I am safe."

"The Forest Flower is wrong," said the chief, gravely. "There are many things which harm more than the bear and the panther, and they are in human form. Let the white girl listen. When a storm is rising, we see clouds in the sky. Such a cloud hangs over the head of the Forest Flower. Let her fly and so avoid the danger."

"Surely, chief, *you* would not harm me?" she said.

"*You* know it," he said, proudly. "Wenona is a man, and has a man's heart in his bosom. He does not strike at the innocent. When he meets men, his arm is as quick to slay as any man's can be. Let the white girl look me in the face, and say if she can see traitor or coward written there."

"No, no chief, I never doubted you. But, you alarm me I do not understand your warning."

"It is enough that the warning is given. Wenona's heart is soft toward the Forest Flower. He would have her live until she is plucked by the hand of a warrior, who may place her in his bosom and keep her alive. Therefore leave the village, and go away to the great village by the sea. There you will be safe."

"Are we to be attacked?"

"Child," rejoined Wenona, solemnly, "questions can not be answered. Because I would save you, I come to tell you. Let the young warrior who took you down the river go with you. He is brave in battle, and the Forest Flower will bloom sweetly in his bosom."

At this allusion to Tom, Elsie blushed furiously. The chief smiled.

"The face of a young girl is like a summer sky, sometimes clouded, sometimes bright. But, there are none in the forest so beautiful as the Forest Flower. She is like the red rose now; soon she will be like the lily, and then lily and rose will be at war in her cheeks."

An Indian is an adept in compliments to women. Their figurative habit of utterance and their lingual forms are admirably adapted to poetic expression. Elsie used to say, that among all the compliments she ever received, none were delivered with the courtly grace of this from the St. Regis chief.

"You will listen to my words?" he said. "You will go back to the city?"

"I must speak to my father."

"No; not speak to father; not speak to any one except young warrior. He take you and go, and come back no more. This country is the land of the Indian. The Great Spirit gave it to them to dwell in. The white men spread too fast. Inch by inch, foot by foot, mile by mile, they crowd us away from the graves of our fathers. The deer comes no more to the lick; the buffalo has gone beyond the great river; white sails are seen on every sea, and the wigwams grow up in a single night like mushrooms: where then shall the Indian remain?"

"Did not the Indians say they would be friends with us?"

"Friends while you friends; enemies when you enemies

Bad white men bring fire-water into the country. Hate fire-water! It burns out the life of my people. How can men be brave when they are devoured by a flame?"

"There are bad white men and there are bad Indians," said Elsie. "If one does wrong, would you for that fault punish all?"

"The white girl talks well. It is not now and then a white man who does wrong. It is only now and then a white man who does right. There are just white men, but they are very few. It will be long before you find one who will not wrong a poor Indian. The Big Elk is a just man. He is my enemy, but for all that he is brave and true. If such men only came into the Indian country, there would be no wars. The Indian would sit down sometimes in the lodge of his white brother and smoke a pipe, and sometimes the white man would come into his humble wigwam. But, there are few like him. They lie, and cheat, and steal away the Indian lands. It shall not be done."

"I *must* tell my father what you have said," she pleaded.

An angry light began to show itself in the eyes of the Indian.

"Not speak to father. Wenona did not come here to save *all*. He came to save the Forest Flower. If she will be saved, good; if not, it is her own fault; but Wenona will be very sorry if harm comes to her."

"Do you think my father would allow me to go away without a reason? He loves me."

"Yes, old father must love the Flower. It is right he should love her. You may tell this to him, but no more, and he shall promise not to reveal it when you tell him."

"What is coming? Why will you not tell me? You know me a danger without giving a remedy. I think you have come here to frighten me."

"Is Wenona a fool, to walk the woods by day and night to frighten a girl? No! the tongue of a chief speaks truth. There is danger in the very air you breathe. In two days you can not save yourself. If you go to-morrow, you can."

"Shall I not tell Dan Ellis?"

"Who Dan Ellis?"

"The man you call the Big Elk."

"Not tell him. Big Elk has an eye like a hawk. If you tell him so much, he will find out the rest for himself. No, never tell Big Elk."

"Yet you said you liked him."

"Must get him scalp, all the same!"

"That is a strange doctrine: you like him, and yet you want to take his scalp."

"See," said the chief, laying the finger of his right hand impressively in the palm of his left. "Like him because he is just. All good. Hate him because he fight so hard, and kill so many Indians. Like to get scalp of great brave."

There was no combating the strange theories of the Indian.

"Not waste time in talk. If you save, you mus' go—mus' go *quick*. Young man come back to-morrow. You go to-gedder, get safe to big town."

"It is as my father says; if he goes I will go with him; if not, I will remain at his side."

The chief looked a little vexed.

"What if old father say he won't go?"

"Then neither will I."

"All wrong," said the chief. "You go; go quick; save you life. You very young. Great many years of life before you, happy years, if you go away. If stay, who can tell? Die to-morrow, mebbe—nobody know. Bes' you go away."

"I can not, unless my father is to be saved. I think I understand you. There is to be an attack upon us soon, and you wish to save me. I am glad you care enough for me to try and do this; but, you know nothing of me if you think I would run away and leave my old father to his fate. No; wherever he stays, there I stay, if I die by his side."

The expression of enthusiasm on her face was not lost on the Indian. He understood the nobility of soul which would not allow her to desert a parent in danger, and it thrilled a chord in his wild, noble nature.

"The white girl teaches the poor Indian a lesson. Good father never leave child. Good child never leave father. Right! Wenona was wrong. But, he came a long way to save the Forest Flower."

Elsie took his hand and pressed it. The Indian looked at

her in surprise. There was a tear upon his hand. He looked upon the pearly drop, again and again. His brawny frame quivered with emotion. This girl was grateful to him for what he would have done. She could not be ungrateful, as too many whites had been.

He raised his head and would have spoken, but at that moment footsteps were heard. Raising a warning finger in token of silence, he buried himself in the bushes. He had hardly done so, when Nathan Downing came down the forest-path. As he saw Elsie, he came forward hastily.

"I have been looking for you," he said. "I am glad to find you alone."

"To what am I indebted for the honor of an interview with Mr. Downing?" she said, in a constrained tone.

"Do not speak to me in that way," he said. "I am in earnest, and have hoped for something warmer. You are not the woman to hide your feelings, or to suffer concealment in others. You know I love you very dearly. There is nothing in life I covet so much as your love."

"Sir?"

"I repeat that you have known this for some time. There used to be a sickly sentiment between you and Tom Osborne. That is past, I hope, as I mean to marry you."

"You do not lack for impudence, sir. What act of mine has emboldened you to insult me?"

"Insult there is none. I only say to you that I love you, and mean to make you my wife. In making this assertion, I only say what I intend shall be."

The refreshing coolness of this speech made Elsie smile in spite of herself.

"Oh! So you have really made up your mind to *honor* me by making me your wife? Your coolness is very pleasant at this season of the year. Did it ever occur to you, in making up your mind, that I might wish to have something to say before you made your election?"

"I thought of it only as a woman's caprice. Having made up my mind, it did not seem necessary to do more than acquaint you with my intentions. I expected you would say something about your former lover, Major Tom Osborne. I am glad to find he is not in the way."

If he expected to make her angry by adopting this line of conduct, he certainly succeeded to a charm.

"And you dare to say this to me, Nathan Downing?"

"Of course."

"You come to me, *you*, who have been the friend of Thomas Osborne, and show yourself false to the ties of friendship, as to those of honor."

"Friendship and honor are mere relative terms, and are sometimes carried to excess. It rests in this way: Major Osborne, for the want of a better, is my friend. He shows me something I admire. I propose to take it."

"If you do not leave me immediately, I will *strike* you," she said; "you blot upon all that is good and true; you traitor to every vow. Ask me not if I love you. Ask me if I hate you, and I promise you an answer, free and full—'yes,' from the bottom of my heart. Hate you. There is nothing on earth I despise so much."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Marry *you?* Any fate which men call terrible would be better than *that!* I glory in my love for Tom. I glory in the fact that it has been a source of torment to you for two years, that I cared more for his little finger than your whole body."

She had touched him now upon his weakest side. It was, indeed, as she said. He had been in agony when the guileless girl had shown her love for Tom, utterly forgetful of him.

"Take care," he said, hoarsely.

"You look as if you would like to strike me. Do it, by all means. Assert your manhood. You can not do it in a nobler way. It offends me to the soul to see you standing there. Away! Are you not afraid the curse of God will fall upon you for such villainy?"

"You may go too far."

"Now, if I were asked to choose which of the two I would prefer for a companion in this wood, the panther who was killed by uncle Dan, or that man of spirit, Nathan Downing, I should say, by all means, give me the more noble beast of the two, the panther."

"I will not endure much more."

"He came here to woo. A strange manner he has. A little abrupt, perhaps. Some women might be foolish enough to think so. He asks nothing from her but obedience. A brave fellow, indeed."

"Stop there, madwoman. I see you do not know me yet. You will understand better who I am before we separate. We have had enough of banter on both sides. Now understand me. I have not loved you for years to lose you without a struggle. I love you very dearly. No one could love you better. The very ground your feet have trod seems sacred to me. If you were my wife, I should love you fondly, all my life. As for my falsehood to Osborne, I have struggled with my passion in secret until the power has gone from me to struggle longer. I am not to blame if I have no more power than other men."

"Nathan," said Elsie, speaking kindly for the first time, "all men have their moments of temptation. Good men have also their moments for repentance. This is yours. If you are sorry for the wrong you have done to your friendship, and make the only atonement in your power by confession, I will forgive you and remain your friend."

"I can not do that. I can not recede from the course I have marked out. Why should I yield to him more than he to me? I love you better than he ever can, by any possibility. It is useless for you to ask me to do this. I never can."

"Then leave me at once. I do not wish to speak to you," she said

"Not so fast. Before you go I must have your promise to be my wife."

"Are you a fool as well as a villain? I need not repeat that your presence is utterly odious to me."

"Listen to me. Either you go from this place my promised wife, or I will kill you, kill myself, or Osborne, sooner than be made a fool of and lose that for which I have periled my soul's salvation. I tell you to beware before you drive me to madness."

She looked at him in some trepidation for the first time. Those threatening eyes had taken the horrid glow which she had spoken of to Tom. His fingers clenched and unclenched themselves spasmodically

"Promise me," he hissed. "I know you have that notion of keeping faith which makes a promise as strong as an oath. Promise, or by heaven, I will kill you where you stand."

Her courage had come back now, since he only threatened *her*, and she faced him with a look which made him wince.

"You love me, forsooth; *you!* And you threaten to kill me! Oh, rare love!"

As she spoke, he had been drawing a small blade from his bosom; a knife of peculiar fashion, with an edge like a razor She shuddered as her eyes caught the glimmer of the blue steel.

"What do you mean to do?" she gasped.

"Will you promise?"

"Never."

He sprung upon her suddenly and caught her in one arm, pressing her down across his knee. She saw the steel flash in the air and closed her eyes, expecting to feel the sharp point pierce her bosom. Instead, she heard a low cry of pain and rage from Nathan, and felt his grasp relax. Rising on her elbow, she saw him lying prostrate on the sod, with the foot of the chief upon his breast. Wenona had come to her aid.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORM MUTTERS.

She rose slowly with her eyes upon the chief. Never had his grand form appeared so noble as at that moment, as, with flashing eyes, and uplifted hand, he stood with his foot planted heavily upon the bosom of the guilty wretch. How pitiful and weak he looked at that moment, compared with the man who towered above him? The fierce light of the Indian's eye, his dilating nostrils, the expression of scorn lingering about his firm lips, made Nathan Downing think his time had come, and in times like those a man of courage is known. With all his faults, he was no coward, and after the first cry, he never uttered a sound indicative of fear.

"Let me rise," he said.

"Keep still. Keep very still, or I kill! Forest Flower this man would kill you?"

"No, no," said Downing. "Only trying to frighten her."

"Jus' as bad. Might as well kill as scare. What we do with him, Flower? You say so, I kill him now."

"No, chief. Let him rise."

The Indian removed his foot and Nathan rose up, staggering like a drunken man. It took him a moment to recover himself, for Wenona had not been very careful in his way of dashing him to the earth. He still held in his hand the knife which he had raised against the breast of Elsie. Making a sudden forward step, he struck full at the breast of Wenona. Elsie uttered a shriek of terror as she saw the brave man fall to the ground. Before she had time to think, he was on his feet again, had wrenched the knife from the hand of the would-be murderer, and again dashed him to the earth, this time with such force as to render him completely senseless. Elsie ran to the chief in dismay as she saw him raise that terrible ax on high, with the fire of battle in his dark eyes, and laid her hand on his arm. The moment he felt that gentle touch he paused, with a smile, and returned the ax to his belt.

"You smile," she said. "You are not hurt; say you are not hurt."

"Not hurt," said the chief.

"But you fell," she said.

"That is what Frenchmen call *ruse*. If I did not fall, I be dead. No time to jump back. Good for him you touch me jus' now, or he be dead."

"He deserves any fate, and yet I would not see him killed, chief. Let him go. A man like him will find his death early. His life has not been peaceful, neither will his death be so."

"Like to take his scalp."

"Will you let him go if I ask it?" she said.

Wenona looked down on the beautiful girl with a strange smile. "Yes, he yours. If you say kill, I kill him. If you say let him go, all good."

By this time Nat had recovered and rose again. "Go,"

said Wenona. "A woman saves you. A man could not have done it. Cowards strike at women; men save them. No child in an Indian village would strike at the heart of a woman."

The young man took three steps the other way, then came back. He could not bear to have *her* give him his life.

"Order him to kill me," he said. "You will be sorry if you do not. I warn you now; look to it. If I live I will yet make this a bitter moment to you."

The chief looked at Elsie, and half drew his hatchet from his belt. She shook her head. It was well for the other that she did not hesitate, or he would not have lived to perpetrate another crime.

"I have said you shall not be harmed. God forgive you for the crime you would have committed this day. Thank him that he sent the chief to save you from the agony of remembering such a deed. What would it have been to you, in the sorrowful night, if you had succeeded in your foul design? Go where you choose; I will not molest you."

"If I go back to the village?"

"I give you three months to dispose of your effects there. That done, you must remove from the place forever. If you promise that, I will keep silent about this day's work."

"I promise," he said, with a sinister look.

"One thing more: you must not speak to me at any time."

"Will not that make remark?"

"Then let it be as little as possible. Speak to me only at times when you can not avoid it; but do not put yourself in my way. Now go."

"The curse of a heart that will never forget light upon you Elsie Dayton. Foul befall you by night and day. May your hopes turn to ashes on your lips, as mine have done. Death of my life! Am I the man to be insulted by a woman, and a beastly Indian? Think of this hour in the days to come, not far off. This has decided me. You drive me out from a place among men, to a home in the wilderness. I will be more savage than the beasts of the forest. *Beware of me.*"

With these words he turned and walked swiftly toward the village, leaving them standing alone.

"Bad man," said Wenona. "Better let me kill him. Do you harm some day."

She talked with him a few moments earnestly, entreating him to tell her what danger threatened. He refused to do it. He had no interest in the rest of the village. They were only white men, of the ordinary type, whom he hated. They must take their chances. As for her, he had warned her.

While he was speaking the last words, the chief was glancing uneasily from side to side.

"What do you see?" she asked.

"Danger," answered Wenona. "You go now; leave me alone."

"Let me stay by you. If it is our men from the village, I will denounce Nathan and save you."

"No," said Wenona. "Don't want to be saved. Save myself. You go now. Don't stay, else do me harm."

She hurried away quickly, after pressing his hand. The chief stood a moment undecided, and then, with surprising forethought, plunged into the bushes, taking a course *toward* the village. He surmised the truth. Nathan had met a party of young men, and led them to capture the Giant Chief. While he stood talking with Elsie, they had slowly passed round upon the trail, and the greater portion of them took positions in the old forest-path which led to the north, to Fort Edward, which they thought he would follow. A few of them were scattered along the southern side. It was his knowledge of the plan they would probably follow which caused him to turn back seemingly into the very arms of his foes. He did not keep in the beaten trail, but followed an older track which led to the river in a diagonal direction. He had hardly traversed a dozen yards along this trail, when a rifle cracked and the bullet sung by, in dangerous proximity to his head. At the same moment three men, with leveled weapons, rushed upon him and hemmed him in on either side. Foremost among them was Nathan.

"Down with him, he cried," hoarsely, pointing a pistol and firing.

One of the young men struck it up, and the Indian got a flesh wound in the shoulder instead of a ball through the heart, for Nathan was a splendid shot with the pistol.

"None of that," said the young man. "Fair play is a jewel. Surrender, old boy; you are trapped."

"What did you do that for, Thornton?" demanded Downing, drawing a second pistol. "You are playing with the devil, I tell you. I'll make him sure, this time."

Thornton struck the pistol out of his hand.

"You shall not murder him," he said. "He is a brave fellow. Surrender, chief."

Wenona held out his hands to be tied. The young man dropped his rifle and took off his belt. As he did so, two terrible blows were delivered, right and left, and Nathan was standing alone. Grasping him by the shoulder and waist, Wenona lifted him like a feather, and dashed him into a thick growth of thorn-bushes which grew near the path. As Thornton and his companion rose, half stunned, from the ground, they saw Downing, his clothing torn to ribbons, his face and hands bleeding from a dozen deep scratches, crawling painfully out of the thorny bed into which he had been cast, swearing divers and strange oaths, in which they felt willing to join heartily.

"You knew so much about him, curse you," roared Nathan. "I told you he was the very devil himself, but you had to strike up the pistol. If you had not done that, he would be lying dead at your feet instead of being at large, to do more deviltry. You are a pretty pair."

"By thunder, while I live no one shall murder a man who don't put up his hands to save himself," said Thornton. "I say, Jim, how do you feel?"

"Did you ever have a tree fall on you?" said Jim.

"Can't say I ever did."

"Did you ever have a horse kick you?"

"Once."

"Did you like it?"

"Not a bit," said Thornton.

"Then look here: if I ever have a choice either to have a tree fall on me, or a horse kick me, I'd rather have either or both than have that Indian hit me. Isn't my head a little on one side?"

"Seems to be a little crooked. Maybe your neck is out of joint."

"Feels like it. How does it suit you as far as you know?"

"Don't suit me. Why, when that fellow hit me, I saw stars enough for a new heavens. Every thing turned blue and gold, and I went down to see if the grass was growing. When I got up you were just moving, and Nat, swearing like Captain Kidd, was crawling out of the thorn-bush. I say, I don't want any more of that Indian. It was clever of him not to scalp the whole party."

"Are we going to chase him?" asked Jim, rubbing some portion of his head which still felt the effect of the fall he had received.

"Do you feel like chasing him?" asked Thornton.

"I can't say that I hanker after it."

"Then if you will take my advice you won't say any thing about this scrape to the boys. If they ask how the pistol went off, just say that I knocked it out of Nat's hand, and leave them to infer that it was done by accident. As for the chief, he is half-way to the river by this time. I wonder where Elsie is? I thought you said she was in danger from him, Nat."

"So I did," said Nat. "At least, they were talking together, and he had a hatchet in his hand. I don't think he would kill her, though. Perhaps he meant to capture her, and perhaps she *wanted* to talk with him."

"Hold on!"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. You are talking of Elsie Dayton, and she is one of the prettiest and best girls in the Mohawk country. I, for one, won't stand by and hear a word said to her discredit. I know where the shoe pinches you. Don't let jealousy make you talk against the good name of a girl like Elsie. I tell you it won't do. So look out."

Nathan cast a look of hatred at the speaker, and laid his hand upon the sword at his thigh. But Thornton was as ready as he was, and he thought better of it, returned the blade to its sheath, and turned the matter off with a laugh.

CHAPTER IX.

THE STORM BREAKS

THE young men returned to their village, and again the place was troubled. It boded no good to them that the Giant Chief had been seen in his war-paint upon their borders. They began to confine their walks to the limits of the town. Women looked at one another, and clasped their children close, whispering weird tales of the red-men of the forest, hoping by fear to keep them within bounds. A day passed since Wenona had been seen. A night, and then another dark and gloomy day. The morning came without a sun; thunder muttered low, and seemed to threaten them with some unknown fate.

The day passed in safety. Some of the bravest began to breathe more freely, and laugh off the fears of the rest. Then night came again. In these frontier settlements labor sweetens rest, and the settlers retired early. In that hour, when the senses of all were locked in slumber, the blow came, as terrible as it was unexpected.

Elsie was suddenly awakened by yells of savage vengeance, and started up. Running to the window, it seemed to her that the village was in a blaze. By the light of the fires which were burning, she could see the brave settlers vainly struggling against an overpowering mass of Indians, who hemmed them in on every side. Scores of painted forms darted hither and thither under the flashing logs. Tomahawks gleamed, rifles cracked, blazing logs came crashing down. But, above all the din, shrill cries for mercy from female lips could be heard, as the deadly weapons flashed before their eyes. It was one of those terrible scenes too often repeated in the history of the colonies, where Indian treachery, aided by French subtlety, made some fair hamlet a desert. In an hour like this, the pen recoils from the page. Elsie saw with horror the hundred dreadful sights, spread like a panoramic view before her eyes. Friends she had loved lay dead

before her. Man after man was falling. Her father was not to be seen. She opened the door in the rear of the house and stole out. As she did so, she felt a hand grasp her roughly. Looking up, she saw the face of an Indian, hideous in his war-paint. At that sight she gave herself up for lost, and closed her eyes, with a mental farewell to all she had loved. To her surprise, the savage lifted her in his arms, and carried her swiftly through the crowd yet struggling near the fires. No warrior challenged his onward course. He held his way for the river, where he found a canoe. Pushing it from the shore, he reached a small island in the current, where he lifted her from the canoe and set her on her feet. She had not looked up.

"Forest Flower," said a deep voice. She looked up with a start, and saw the commanding figure of Wenona.

"You here, chief? Then I am safe; but my friends; oh have mercy on them."

"Mercy is past," said Wenona. "I gave you warning. Why you no take it?"

"I could not save myself alone. My father could not get them to believe that danger was at hand."

"Old man wise; long head; know too much. Where he be now?"

"I have not seen him. Oh, chief, as you wish to be happy, turn back and see that he is safe. For myself I care nothing. If you can save him, and any other innocent in yonder village, God will reward you."

"White man's Manitou good for white man, no good for Indian. St. Regis can not talk well enough to make him hear. Their voices sound like the voices of blackbirds in his ears. The Manitou of the St. Regis and Huron will hear the voices of the warriors who are just, and reward them for good deeds. I will go back to the village, and save the gray-hair if I can. But what will you do?"

"I will stay here."

"Leave canoe," said the chief; "swim back. Den if brave come you take canoe, run away. All good. Like to save Forest Flower, if can. Save fader, if can. Forest Flower shake hands for t'anks; enough for Wenona."

She gave him both her hands with a passionate gesture.

"Go, thou truly brave man, and bring me word quickly if my father be alive or is slain."

The chief remained for a moment looking down into the face of the girl, and then, turning swiftly on his heel, he plunged into the river. Pushing directly to the shore, he darted away toward the village at full speed. The smoke of the conflagration was rising in denser volumes, as he came up All organized resistance had long ceased, and the red fiends were searching out the hiding-places of their victims, and dragging them out to the slaughter. While seated on a cask in the middle of the street, Camille Dujardin, the French captain, sat watching the fray with a grim smile. The bloody-minded partisan saw in this blow a stroke at the power of England. If innocent blood flowed—

"Bah! what is to be, will be" said the partisan, picking his teeth. "But, Jesu Maria, how they yell!"

Wenona, coming up to a man lying dead before him, stooped and looked into his face. It was young Thornton, who had attempted to catch him the day before. The brave fellow had fought to the last, for four Indians, dead and gory, lay about him. A shout from a party who had found a house unburned attracted Wenona. He rose and ran toward it. It was a new log structure, with heavy doors, which they had found it impossible to burn. Besides, half a dozen rifles inside made it dangerous for any one to attempt to light a fagot. All other opposition was over, and now the attention of the savages was turned to this stubborn building. A demand for surrender, in execrable English, was answered by their rifles, and three of the attacking party bit the dust. Even Wenona began to be annoyed.

"Who is there?" he asked of Great Snake, who was watching the building from the cover of an unburned shed.

"Gray Hair is there," said the savage, "who came to Ticonderoga with a belt last moon."

Wenona remembered that he had seen Judge Dayton at the fort on such a mission. He feared the obstinacy of the old man would make it impossible for him to save his life.

"Send a flag," he said, hurriedly. "Enough of killing—send a flag."

"No, no," said Great Snake, his countenance distorted by savage pleasure, "kill, kill, kill!"

"You hear me, Great Snake," said Wenona. "You send a flag. Send it now, I tell you."

"Wenona's heart is soft toward white men," was the sullen reply. "Let him see to it that the warriors be not angry."

"Do I fear the warriors, Great Snake?" said Wenona. "Go, you are a fool, and talk with a fool's mouth. You speak to me again as if you would set the warriors against me and I will kill you where you stand. Am I not the chief of St. Regis? I will take this flag myself."

Judge Dayton had defended the cabin well. Surrounded by enemies when he first rushed from his own dwelling, he had found it impossible to return to it and had thrown himself, with five men and four women, into this house, which they had made good. They had no hope in yielding; their only thought was to die as bravely as possible, sending some of their enemies to judgment. Wenona snatched up a piece of white cloth which was fluttering along the ground, attached it to a stick and walked toward the cabin.

"A flag, judge."

"Who carries it? If it is that vile Frenchman give him a shot. By heavens, I will take no terms from him."

"It isn't him," replied the man. "He takes too much care of his precious carcass for that. See him now, sitting on the barrel, just enough out of range so that a man isn't safe to hit him."

"Who bears the flag?" said the judge. "You can see from where you stand."

"I know him well enough," said the man, who was one of the two who had joined Downing in the attempt to capture the chief. "It is Wenona. I should know his fist among a thousand."

"Let him come on in safety," said the judge. "Let no one point a rifle at him. By my life, I would sooner trust a man like him than yonder grinning baboon of a Frenchman. He is a brave fellow, and does not fear us."

"He fears nobody," said Jim. "I don't want him to hit me again. Take my place, judge. He is near enough to speak to."

"I am going out to speak with him," replied the judge "He is not treacherous; no fear of him."

As he spoke he threw open the door and passed out into the open space in front of the house. A groan broke from him as he saw the ruin on every hand. He had labored hard to build up this settlement, and now, in the moment when it seemed most likely to prosper, at one fell swoop, it was obliterated almost entirely from the face of the earth. The chief smiled as he saw that the judge trusted him enough to come out and meet him.

"Good-day," he said.

"A bad day for me, chief. My people are dead; my village is in ruins. If, by the sacrifice of my life, I could make this as it was this morning, how gladly would I do it."

"War is cruel," said Wenona. "Let us not talk of the cause. War mus' come. I don't want any more kill. You promise to shoot no more and give yourself up, you be saved."

"Don' you do it!" roared a voice close behind them. "Dat's an Injin. You ain't gwine to believe an Injin, be you? Dat ain't right. He only want to cotch you outside, den he give you tar."

It was the voice of Cæsar, who, with his usual good luck, had managed to get safe into the house and was now shouting to his master through the half-opened door.

"Silence, you fool," said the judge. "Go back."

"Don' you luff him fool you, Massa Judge. He liar. I see dat in he eye. Don' you t'ink he mean fa'r by you, 'ca'se he don'. I know dem Injin chaps too well. Don' you listen a word he say, 'ca'se him liar."

"I told you to go back. Knock him down there, Jim, if he don't be quiet. Now, chief, what have you to say to me?"

"Want you to surrender. Give you good quarter, if you like. No be kill. Like you, Gray Hair. You' da'ter good girl. Tell me come sabe you."

"My daughter. Where is she?"

"She safe. You let me take care of her. I help her, sure. But you no more shoot. If you kill udder red-man,

can't save you. Mus' be careful not to hurt any more of my men."

"What do you promise us if we give up? I have heard of Indian promises of safety being violated before now. What have we to bind you to keep your word?"

"*I* say it," said Wenona, proudly, drawing himself up.

"I believe you would keep *your* word."

"No he wouldn't," bawled the negro, again thrusting out his head. "You t'ink a man dat fall down a gully, forty hundred feet deep, an' den climb up ag'in like a bird, gwine to let us den go cl'ar. It ain't in reason. Don' you believe dat what he say."

"Keep that fool silent," said the judge. "I have confidence in you, chief; but can you control your men?"

"My name is Wenona," he answered, striking his broad breast. "I am the Giant Chief of St. Regis. My warriors obey me when I speak. If the Gray Hair says he will give up his men and fight no more, Wenona has spoken. He will be safe."

Before the judge could answer, he was interrupted in an unlooked-for manner. There was a sudden yell, and a score of naked villains rushed at the cabin together and broke in. But, high above the din they made, rose the loud voice of Wenona, ordering them back. Great Snake had only yielded while Wenona faced him, and then incited the others to begin the attack anew. Most of the Indians, awed by the tone of their chief, returned at the word. Half a dozen yet struggled for an entrance, while Cæsar shouted in a tone of utter despair:

"Don' I *tole* you so?"

Wenona made a rush at those yet barring the door of the cabin, knocking them down right and left with the flat of his hatchet, until he cleared the doorway. And there he stood, in an attitude at once noble and brave, waving them back and shouting to them in the Indian tongue:

"Stand back, stand back. Listen to the words I speak, sons of St. Regis. Enough of blood has been shed this day It is better to have some prisoners to sell to our father in Montreal or he will not believe that the warriors have done what is right. Why should you slay the Gray Hair?

Because he is brave? You love brave men. No, his warriors are slain; let us take him and his friends to our father at Montreal."

"Blood!" yelled Great Snake. "Kill all. Let not a white man escape!"

"What dog yells there? Let him be silent, or Wenona will send him home like a whipped cur."

"I am the Great Snake of the St. Regis," bawled the fellow, rearing his strong brown arm on high. "Look upon me. I call on all brave warriors to follow me. Let us slay all, even to the white girl Wenona would save. What has he to do with the anger of the St. Regis?"

The eyes of Wenona began to glisten, and the hand upon his hatchet opened and shut convulsively, yet he controlled himself by a powerful effort.

"Listen, men of the St. Regis," he said, as a murmur of applause followed the speech of Great Snake. "You hear yonder dog bark. He is brave when no danger is near, but when it comes he is like a dog and puts his tail between his legs to sneak away. Is the Great Snake tired of his life? If not, let him be silent and go away."

During this fracas the judge had been standing quite alone, nearly surrounded by a circle of savages. The only place where the view was unobstructed was the south, across the river. As he looked he saw in the blaze of the burning cabins a man lead a horse into the cover close to the bank. Even at the distance where he stood he thought he recognized the tall form of Scouting Dan. The French captain, seeing that a fray was near at hand, and not liking to be mixed up in it, shrugged his shoulders and rose to go away. The Great Snake, angry at the threats of Wenona, suddenly whirled hatchet over his head and sprung at the judge. The movement was so sudden that no interposition on the part of the chief could save him. But, before the blow could fall, Great Snake stumbled over a stone and they came to the ground together.

The Indian fell on top and kept his hand free. The hatchet was in the air, Wenona was leaping forward to the aid of the old man, with little hope of being in time, when a rifle cracked, not at the cabin, and Great Snake, shot

through the heart, fell dead across the body of the man he would have murdered. A shout of surprise from the Indians at the temerity of the man who had dared to shoot Great Snake at such imminent peril to a friend, followed. The chief and judge spoke together:

"Big Elk."

"Scouting Dan."

Each knew that no other man upon the river was capable of such a deed, but the honest scout. A loud shout coming from the bushes on the other side of the stream, told from what spot the death-messenger had come.

CHAPTER X

THE SCHEMER IN HIS OWN TOILS.

A CRY of anger and dismay broke from the St. Regis as they saw the Great Snake fall lifeless to the earth. He had been a man of the greatest repute among them, second only to that of the Giant Chief, who was properly the leading man of the tribe. Still, many turbulent spirits could be found among them who would be more likely to follow the lead of such a man as the Great Snake, who feared nothing, and was always ready for deeds of blood. A man like the Giant Chief was not so likely to attract these spirits to him as the Great Snake. A rush was made at the judge, but Wenona was now at hand, and throwing his huge form before the prostrate white man, with a sweep of his powerful arm he drove back the men who thronged about him, clamoring for the blood of the judge.

"Back there, men of the St. Regis. What do you wish? Is it to murder your chief that I see you here?"

"A chief lies dead," replied the leading man. "His blood now soaks into the ground. Shall not the St. Regis avenge it?"

"Yes. Follow in the track of the man who killed him, and take his scalp."

"Not until we have sent a white soul to bear a torch, so that the Great Snake can see his way across the silent river."

"Back, Massenoqua. Hear the words of Wenona. I say to you, the chief's word is pledged; this man can not die."

"Massenoqua can not do a wrong to the shade of the departed," said the warrior, firmly. "This man must die. Wenona says well, he promised him safety, but that was before a chief was slain. This is costly blood. Who shall go back to the St. Regis and say to them, the Great Snake is dead? He was shot by a cowardly white man, across a river, and we did nothing to avenge his death. This shall not be said of Massenoqua. Let the chief stand aside and we will do vengeance on this guilty white man."

"He is not guilty," replied the chief. "The Great Snake was to blame. If he died, he died justly. Therefore go you back, Massenoqua, and leave him to me."

"I will not go back," replied Massenoqua, laying his hand upon a hatchet. "Never shall it be said of me that I abandoned my friend when he lay dead. A bad spirit is in the heart of Wenona, or he would not say, save this white man."

The speaker was a burly fellow, only inferior in size to Wenona, and a man of great renown among the St. Regis. He had been one of the active aids of the Great Snake in fomenting the evil passions of the Indians, at various times, and Wenona knew it, and turned a look upon him which made him quail. But he knew that now or never was his time, and if he could arouse the St. Regis to attack the chief, and kill him, his place in the tribe would be greater than any other, now that the Great Snake was gone. Murmurs on every side showed that the poison was spreading, and Wenona knew that if it were allowed to go on he was lost.

He was a man to act quickly and readily upon all occasions; such had been his training. Making a single cat-like leap, he grasped Massenoqua by the throat. In vain the warrior struggled to free himself from that iron grasp. In an instant he was lifted bodily from the earth, and dashed down with a force which made his bones ache for many a day after.

Once there, the chief would not kill him, but looked down on him with a glance of supreme scorn and disgust. He looked as he did that day when he stood with his foot upon the breast of Nathan Downing. His clear voice rung out like a trumpet, making the Indians quake.

"There lies the man who has dared lift up his voice against the chief," he said. "Is there another who will follow him? If there is, let him stand forth and face me. The next one I will kill."

No one stirred. The master-spirit conquered, there was not one among them with sufficient moral courage to be a leader. They avoided his glances.

"It is well," said the chief. "Then this dog is alone in his treason. That you may see I have thought of your good in this, let me tell you that the wampum the French will give you for these prisoners will buy powder enough to kill deer all winter. Then you will not starve. Is not this well?"

"The chief is always right," said an Indian who had been secretly spurring up Massenoqua to rebellion. "Shall we kill this fellow, who would have us war against you?"

"Not so," said Wenona. "Massenoqua is a brave man But, he is wrong. He is mad when he sees the Great Snake lying dead at his feet. It is but just that he should feel for his friend. Let him arise. Wenona will do him no wrong."

This temperate conduct drew from the warriors a murmur of applause. The most ardent partisans of the fallen man could not have demanded more for him than a recognition of his services and bravery from the mouth of the man who had overthrown him.

He rose, sullenly enough, casting furtive glances at the chief, and calculating his probable fate if he attempted to kill him and failed. Upon sober thought, he concluded to postpone the attempt, having grave doubts of his ability to carry it out successfully. Wenona knew what was passing in his mind, and smiled as he sent a young brave to bring the French captain to him. In the mean time he raised the judge to his feet and inquired after his safety.

"I am well, but a little bruised," said he.

"Good thing for you when Big Elk hide in the bushes,"

said Wenona, speaking in the rather broken English of which he was master. "Here come Cap'n Dujardin."

The French officer hurried up, suave and smiling as a summer morning, handsome and polite.

"I give you good-morning, Monsieur L'Advocate. If I do not mistake, I met you at Ticonderoga upon a more happy occasion. Let me assure monsieur that it distresses me terribly that my visit should incommode him, as it undoubtedly has done. *Peste!* We can not always have things as we like in this naughty, naughty world."

"You are very merry over an event which fills me with the deepest sorrow, sir," said the judge. "If you will excuse me, I must say that your conversation on this subject is annoying."

"Pardon—a thousand pardons, Monsieur L'Advocate. My blundering ways do not suit your notions of propriety. Ah, I am sorry. But, you sent for me, Wenona."

"Yes. Go and take the prisoners in the house. Give them kind treatment and take them safe to Montreal. I must see them when I return."

Dujardin drew him aside.

"Excuse me, chief, but have you any particular object in wishing to save these fellows? They will hamper our march sadly, no doubt will try to get away and force us to kill them, and so lose our labor. Hadn't we better let your men have their way?"

"When the word of a chief is given it is sacred," said Wenona, haughtily.

"Oh, if you have passed your word it is all right," said the captain, shrugging his shoulders in a way which only a Frenchman can do. "Let it go so. I will see them safe to Montreal."

"Except the Gray Hair. He is mine and must stay with me."

"Why is that?"

"I will have it so," replied the chief. "That is enough for you. Take the rest of the prisoners and go your way. I will follow when I choose."

The judge passed through the Indians and opened the door. All the white men came out at once, but Cæsar was nowhere

to be seen. A hurried search was made for him and he could not be found. The prisoners could say nothing except that when the alarm was given that the Indians had attacked the judge, he fled to the lower part of the house for safety—*where*, they could not tell. He was gone, and the Frenchman collected his troops and marched away, leaving the town in ruins. As they left the village, the Frenchman, bringing up the rear, looked back, with diabolical triumph, at the smoking remnants of once happy homes. He had accomplished his mission, and went away satisfied.

Hardly were they out of sight, when a black, woolly head peered out of the door, but vanished the moment he saw that the Indians had not gone. He disappeared with a quickness which brought a smile even to the set face of Wenona. They entered the house, confident that it was Cæsar, but, as before, no Cæsar was in sight. The judge called him; no answer—the black, with great aversion for all Indians, not making out the difference between the voices of the savages he so feared, and that of his master. They entered the cellar, the judge calling aloud. Perhaps the negro knew the voice now, for a low grumbling was heard to issue from a pile of grain-sacks in the corner, which grumbling shaped itself into these words:

"Dat you, Mass' Judge?"

"Certainly. Come out here, you rascal."

"Say you ain't dead den. I don' like no ghostesses, I don'."

"Don't be a fool; come out."

The upper bag was seen to roll slowly from the pile to the ground. It opened, and the black poll of the negro showed itself for a moment. But, catching sight of Wenona he drew it in again like a jack-in-the-box, crying out:

"Oh, de Lordy! Dar's anodder one."

The judge, thoroughly angry, tore the sack from the shoulders of Cæsar, and dragged him to his feet. Satisfied that he was about to be killed, he uttered a succession of heart-rending moans, mingled with such protestations as the following:

"Dar, dar, Mass' Injin, don' you go to fool wid a nigger now, 'case I ain't gwine to stan' it. Mebbe you dem t'ink I

t'ar it, but I ain't, so jess you 'member t. I's notting but a poor nigger. My scalp ain't no good, so you jus' luff me 'lone."

"Why don't you look at me, you consummate ass," said the judge. "There is trouble enough here without your adding to it, fool that you are. Come away. Be satisfied that you are safe, when many a better man lies stark and stiff out yonder."

"I dunno w'edder a better man dan I be, Massa Judge," said Cæsar, scratching his head. "But I spec's dar don't none ob dem car' any more for deyself dan dis nigger. Whar we gwine at now?"

"To find my daughter. You say you left her in safety, chief?"

"Good place. Island in river. Nobody can get her there. Come."

As they left the house they heard the sudden beat of horses' feet, and looked toward the south-east. Tom was coming down the street at a gallop, his cap gone, blood upon his face and a savage light in his eyes. He never drew rein until he was almost on them.

"What is this?" he cried. "For God's sake speak, Judge Dayton. Where is Elsie?"

"She is safe, thanks to the chief."

Tom bent over, and grasped the hand of the savage warrior.

"This is the second time I have had to thank you for favors to her. If I do not some time repay you, it shall not be my fault. But who has wrought this deed? The town is in ruins."

"Yes, Tom; the beautiful village we had built up is ruins. How sad a wreck a few hours can make. The French and Indians did this."

"Sad, indeed. But have we time to waste? Where is Elsie? I must see her."

"Wenona was about to lead us to her hiding-place when you came up," said the judge.

"Let us go then. The country is full of Indians. I was attacked a few miles down the river, and only escaped by dint of spur."

"No Indian down the river," said Wenona. "White man, perhaps."

"I saw five or six figures, and they were Indians."

"Oneida," said Wenona, in a tone of conviction. "Not St. Regis; St. Regis all here," pointing to the north.

"Upon my word I think you are right. They looked to me like Oneidas; and the one who commanded acted like a white man. It is rather odd."

"Not odd. White man; the one you call Nathan."

"Downing?"

"Same one. I catch him one day, going to kill Forest Flower. Take his scalp then; but she say let him go."

"It can not be."

"Oneidas love him. He will go to them now when the village is burned, and be a chief. He great rascal, that one."

"I always distrusted him," said the judge.

"So did Elsie," replied Tom; "but I, blind in my own conceit, could not believe him the guilty wretch he is. Woe to him, if we meet now."

They had now reached the river's bank opposite the island. Tom called the name of Elsie. No answer was returned. The chief looked puzzled, but swam to the island. As he drew himself up the bank he stooped and began to examine the earth. Then he parted the bushes and passed out of sight. He was not gone a moment when he returned and called to Tom to cross the stream.

"Where is Elsie?" cried Tom.

"Gone!" shouted the chief. "Somebody carry her away."

Leaving the judge standing with the negro, on the bank of the stream, the young man plunged into the water and swam over. The Indian showed him the place where the captors of Elsie, whoever they were, had landed. He proved to him that the party were five in number, and one of them a white man. First, because he wore a boot; second, because his tracks were set at a different angle from the Indians'. He even asserted that they were Oneidas, from the shape of the moccasins.

"Then you do not believe that Elsie has fallen into the hands of your men?"

"No; Oneida. Bad man called Nathan; his track here Wears a boot."

Tom, much as he would have liked to disbelieve this, could but think that it was true.

"Then I follow him," he said, "if the trail leads me to the Oneida villages. Which way have they gone?"

"Up the river. Leave canoe over yonder and go on foot Come."

"Take me along," said a quiet voice.

They looked up quickly. Dan Ellis was standing near them, leaning on his rifle. He had been hidden under a log when they first came. Wenona smiled.

"Big Elk shoots well," he said. "Kill Great Snake, to-day."

"You don't blame me?"

"No. Big rascal, that one. Glad he dead. Will you go with us in search of Forest Flower?"

"Ef I weaken on the course, call me a scoundrel, as I will be. Will you go too?" said Dan.

"Go anywhere to save her. Tried to keep her away from village. Wenona could not strike the village because she was in it. His hatchet would not have left his belt to-day only to save old father."

"I believe it, chief. It was an awful work."

"Mus' not talk of that now. Old father very sorry. Let us go to him."

Dan put his rifle on a log, and swam to the other shore. A few words explained the trouble to the judge. It was easy to find arms in the ruined village, and the party set out. Cæsar was left behind, and instructed to remain in hiding until their return. He was glad to do any thing to get out of the presence of the Giant, whom he secretly feared. They left him landing by the river, and the party struck off into the forest, upon the broad trail which the captors of Elsie had left behind. Depending upon the St. Regis to murder evey man in the village, they had no fear of pursuit, least of all by men as determined as these.

The morning had come.

Elsie, when the chief had left her, remained wrapped in thought for some time. She had much to weigh her down. It was by no means certain that the chief would arrive in time to save her father. It might be that Tom would come up just in time to meet his death. Some of her best friends had been butchered before her eyes. The chief had not been gone ten minutes, when a sound from the beach alarmed her.

Starting up, half in doubt whether to cry out or go forward to meet the chief, she saw, to her surprise, Nathan Downing, clad in the costume of a chief of the Oneidas. He had bracelets on his wrists and heavy belts of wampum thrown over his shoulders and about his waist. His face was savage and gloomy.

"The hour has come," he said. "I told you that you would drive me into the wilderness. I have come for my wife."

She was overpowered by surprise and fear.

"*You* Nathan Downing?" she gasped.

"Yes, it is I. Are you surprised? Do you wonder to see a man reared a gentleman, voluntarily casting this behind him to make his home with a savage people? It is done for your sake. I told you that as well might you resist the passage of the whirlwind, as stay me in any course I have marked out for myself."

"What would you do?"

"I have come for my wife. I am a chief of the Oneidas. Our home will be with them from this day."

She saw that it was useless to resist, and suffered him give her a place in the canoe. They landed above the island where the canoe was set adrift and floated down-stream. The Indians brought out a pony from the bushes, and Nathan helped her to a seat on his back, and passed the bridle through his arm. He said but little. Now and then he looked at her, a gloomy triumph in his eyes.

"I can hardly bring myself to believe it possible for you to be such a villain," she said.

"Ah, indeed. Strange things happen in this world. I warned you, Elsie Dayton. You had it in your power to

make a man of me. You have taken the other course. See the result. The town is in ruins."

"You did not know that."

"Why not? The Oneidas told me."

"And you kept it to yourself."

"I had no reason to tell it. Your pet Indian, though he took no part in it himself, had his men in it. See what your perversity has done. Your father is dead, and better yet, Tom Osborne sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."

She reeled in the saddle and would have fallen, but he caught her in his arms. Her breath came in short, fitful gasps.

"Are you lying to me?" she said. "Is he dead?"

"Whose fault is it? I pledged my word to kill him. He was much in my way."

"Then look to yourself, Nathan Downing! I am but a woman. Yet a woman may do something to avenge a lover's murder. You have killed him like a murderer and coward, from behind a bush, for you had not the courage to look him in the face. I loved him dearly and I will be a widow all my life, after I have killed you."

"Killed me?"

"My husband is dead. Who will take vengeance on his murderer if I do not?"

"It was a joke," he said, laughing. "I have had no such good luck. The fellow escaped me. It was so dark I could not take good aim, and his horse was better than I thought."

"It would have been a costly joke to you if you had kept it up. I would have killed you with the first weapon I could find, and hold myself justified for the deed. Is my father dead? You said so."

"I think so still. Only a few prisoners were taken and he was not among them."

"Do not speak to me any more. I must think. I can not see my duty clearly. It will come to me in time."

She did not speak again for some hours. They had halted for refreshment by the side of a running stream. She had refused food and was sitting by herself apart, thinking of the prospect before her and the weary life she must lead. The

Indians were squatted near at hand, eating a hasty meal of parched corn and dried venison. Nathan was standing not far away, leaning against a tree. There was a look of settled gloom upon his face. Perhaps it was some foreboding of the coming doom. The tree against which he leaned was a gigantic hemlock, dead at the top.

A sudden cry from Elsie startled him, and he saw her rise nd throw herself into the arms of Tom Osborne, who had darted from the woods at her side. The guilty man saw more. He saw the judge, with a rifle at his shoulder; Dan Ellis, ready for battle, and Wenona, a weapon in each hand. He knew that the band of scurvy fellows under his command could never stand up against them. There was time for nothing but vengeance. He pointed a pistol at the girl in the arms of Tom Osborne with a steady hand.

At that moment came his death, as strange as it was sudden. A crack was heard above his head and he looked up, in time to receive the end of the broken top of the hemlock on his forehead, and to fall, beaten out of the semblance of humanity. The sight was too much for the Oneidas They fled, and left him where he fell. Wenona came and looked down upon the lifeless form. Stooping, he laid his brawny hand upon the bosom which could never feel life's pulses again.

"Bad heart," he said. "The Manitou struck him down. White men, Wenona leaves you here. What he has done, he has done for his people. If more blood has been shed than falls in any war, I am not to blame."

Elsie raised her head from Tom Osborne's breast and ran tc take the hand of the chief, which she raised to her lips.

"Good-by, noble man, and if we never meet again, may God's blessing rest upon you, by night or day."

So they parted. With a mute but lofty gesture of farewell the warrior turned away. The forest-leaves soon hid him from view.

A few words will close this story. Other settlers filled the places of those who had gone, and in time a great town grew up on the site of that great massacre. A year after, Tom and Elsie were married. Dan Ellis was at the wedding

a favored friend. Cæsar, in charge of the culinary department, was in his glory, and told wondrous tales of the prowess he had shown, in the year of the massacre.

As the party rode down by the smiling river, Tom touched Elsie on the shoulder and pointed across the stream. On a bold rock, rising near the water, stood a commanding form.

"Wenona," said Tom.

The Indian saluted them by a gesture of good-will, and disappeared. From that time, either of them saw his fa again.

DIME AMERICAN SPEAKER, No. 1.

Young America,
Birthday of Washington
Plea for the Maine law,
Not on the battlefield,
The Italian struggle,
Independence,
Our country,
The equality of man,
Character of the Revo'n
The fruits of the war,
The sewing-machine,
True manhood,
Mysstery of life,
Ships and downs,
Truly great,
Early retiring and ris'g,
A. Ward's oration,
True nationality,
Our natal day,
Solferino,
Intelligence the basis of
The war, [liberty,
Charge of light brigade,
After the battle,
The glass railroad,
Case of Mr. Macbeth,
Prof. on phrenology,
Annabel Lee,
Washington's name,
The sailor boy's syren,
J. Jabsom's oration,
A Dutch cure,
The weather,
The heated term,
Philosophy applied,
An old ballad,
Pa my wise, pound fool-
True cleanliness, [lish,
Sat'd'y night's enjoy'ts,
"In a just cause,"
No peace with oppression,
A tale of a mouse,
A thanksgiving sermon,
The cost of riches,
Great lives imperishable
The prophecy for the y'r
Unfinished problems,
Honor to the dead,
Immortality of patriots
Webster's polit'l system
A vision in the forest,
The press,
Woman's rights,
Right of the Governed
My ladder,
Woman,
Alone,
The rebellion of 1861.
Disunion.

DIME NATIONAL SPEAKER, No. 2.

Union and its results,
Our country's future,
The statesman's labors,
True immortality,
Let the child less weep,
Our country's glory,
Union a household,
Independence bell,
The scholar's dignity,
The cycles of progress,
A Christmas chant,
Stability of Christianity,
The true higher law,
The one great need,
The ship and the bird,
Tecumseh's speech,
Territorial expansion,
Martha Hopkins,
The bashful man's story
The matter-of-fact man,
Rich and poor,
Seeing the eclipse,
Beauties of the law,
Ge-lang! git up,
The rats of life,
Crowning glory of U. S.
Three fools,
Washington,
Our great inheritance,
Eulogy on Henry Clay,
Ohio,
Oliver Hazard Perry,
Our domain,
Systems of belief,
The Indian chief,
The independent farmer
Mrs. Grammar's ball,
How the money comes,
Future of the Fashions,
Loyalty to liberty,
Our country first, last,
and always,
British influence.
Defense of Jackson,
National hatreds,
Murder will out,
Strive for the best,
Early rising,
Deeds of kindness,
Gates of sleep,
The bugle,
A Heodish gem,
Purity of the struggle,
Old age,
Beautiful and true,
The worm of the still,
Man and the Infinite,
Language of the Eagle,
Washington,
The Deluge.

DIME PATRIOTIC SPEAKER, No. 3.

America to the world,
Love of country,
Right of self-preserva-
Our cause, [tion,
A Kentuckian's appeal,
Kentucky steadfast,
Timidity is treason,
The alarum,
April 15th, 1861,
The spirit of '61,
The precious heritage,
The Irish element,
Train's speech,
Christy's speech,
Let me alone,
Brigand-ier General,
The draft,
Union Square speeches,
The Union,
Our country's call,
The story of an oak tree,
L-e-g on my leg,
History of our flag,
T. F. Meagher's address,
We owe to the Union,
Last speech of Stephen
A. Douglas,
Lincoln's message,
Great Bell Roland,
The New Year and the
King Cotton, [Union,
Battle anthem,
The ends of peace,
Freedom the watchword
Crisis of our nation,
Duty of Christian patriots,
Turkey Dan's oration,
A fearless plea,
The onus of slavery,
A foreigner's tribute,
The little Zouave,
Catholic cathedral,
The "Specalators."

DIME COMIC SPEAKER, No. 4.

Klabevergoss on the war
Age bluntly considered,
Early rising,
The wasp and the bee,
Comic Grammar, No. 1.
I'm not a single man,
A. Ward's advice,
Bunfuz on Pickwick,
Romeo and Juliet,
Happiness,
Size,
Pop,
A Texan Eulogium,
How to be a fireman,
The United States,
Puff's acc't of himself,
Practical phrenology,
Beautiful,
Cabbage,
Disagreeable people,
What is a bachelor like?
Funny folks,
A song of woe,
Ward's trip to Richm'd,
Parody,
The mountebank,
Compound interest,
A sermon on the feet,
Old dog Jock,
The fishes' toilet,
Brian O'Linn,
Crockett to office-seekers
Who is my opponent?
Political stump speech,
Comic Grammar, No. 2,
Farewell to the bottle,
The cork leg,
The smack i school,
Slick's definition of wife,
Tale of a hat,
The debating club,
A Dutch sermon,
Lecture on locomotive,
Mrs. Caudle on Umbrellas

DIME ELOCUTIONIST, No. 5.

SEC. I. PRINCIPLES OF TRUE ENUNCIATION.—Faults in enunciation; how to avoid them. Special rules and observations.

SEC. II. THE ART OF ORATORY.—Sheridan's List of the Passions. Tranquillity, Cheerfulness, Mirth, Raillery, Buffoonery, Joy, Delight, Gravity, Inquiry, Attention, Modesty, Perplexity, Pity, Grief, Melancholy, Despair, Fear, Shame, Remorse, Courage, Boasting, Pride, Obstinacy, Authority, Commanding, Forbidding, Affirming, Denying, Difference, Agreeing, Exhorting, Judging, Approving, Acquitting, Condemning, Teaching, Pardoning, Arguing, Dismissing, Refusing, Granting, Dependense, Veneration, Hope Desire, Love, Respect, Giving, Wonder, Admiration, Gratitude, Curiosity, Persuasion, Tempting, Promising, Affectation, Sloth, Intoxication, Anger, etc.

SEC. III. THE COMPONENT ELEMENTS OF A ORATION.—Rules of Composition as applied to Words and Phrases, viz.: Purity, Propriety, Precision. As applied to Sentences, viz.: Length of Sentence, Clearness, Unity, Strength. Figures of Speech; the Exordium, the Narration, the Proposition, the Confirmation, the Refutation, the Peroration.

SEC. IV. REPRESENTATIVE EXERCISES IN PROSE AND VERSE.—Transition: A Plea for the Ox; Falstaff's Soliloquy on Honor; the Burial of Lincoln; the Call and Response; the Bayonet Charge; History of a Life; the Bugle; the Bells; Byron; Macbeth and the Dagger; Hamlet's Soliloquy; Old Things; Look Upward; King William Rufus; the Eye; an Essa onto Musik; Discoveries of Galileo.

SEC. V. OBSERVATIONS OF GOOD AUTHORITIES

DIME DIALECT SPEAKER, No. 23.

What's wat's de matter,
The Miss sippi miracle,
Fen to tide cooms in,
Dose items vot Mary haf got,
Pat O'Flaherty on woman's rights,
The home rulers, how they "spakes,"
Ezekiah Dawson on Mothers in-law,
He didn't sell the farm,
The true story of Franklin's kite,
I would I were a boy again,
A pathetic story,
All about a bee,
Scandal,
A dark side view,
Te pesser vay,
On learning German,
Mary's shmall vite lamb
A healthy discourse,
Tobias ac to speak,
Old Mrs. Grimes,
A parody,
Mars and cats,
Bill Underwood, pilot,
Old Granley,
The pill peddler's oration,
Widder Green's last words,
Latest Chinese outrage,
The manifest destiny of the Irishman,
Peggy McCann,
Sprays from Josh Billings,
De circumstances ob de sitiwation,
Dar's nuffin new under de sun,
A Negro religious poem,
That violin,
Picnic delights,
Our candidate's views,
Dundreary's wisdom,
Plain language by truthful Jane,
My neighbor's dogs,
Condensed Mythology Fictus,
The Nereides,
Legends of Attica,
The stove-pipe tragedy
A doketor's drubbles,
The coming man
The filigant ansir at Muldoon's,
That little baby i the corner,
A genewine infer
An invitation
bird of liberty.
The crow,
Out west.

DIME DIALOGUES No. 26.

Poor secsins. Three ladies and two gentlemen.
Mountains and mole-hills. Six ladies and several spectators.
A test that did not fail. Six boys.
Two ways of seeing things. Two little girls.
Don't count your chickens before they are hatched. Four ladies and a boy.
All is fair in love and war. 3 ladies, 2 gentlemen.
How uncle Josh got rid of the legacy. Two males, with several transformations.
The lesson of mercy. Two very small girls.
Practice what you preach. Four ladies.
Politician. Numerous characters.
The canvassing agent. Two males and two females.
Grub. Two males.
A slight scare. Three females and one male.
Embodied sunshine. Three young ladies.
How Jim Peters died. Two males.

☞ The above books are sold by Newsdealers everywhere, or will be sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price, 10 cents each.

BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.

STANDARD BOOKS OF GAMES AND PASTIMES.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK.

DIME BASE-BALL PLAYER FOR 1880.

Containing the Individual Club Records of the International and League Alliance Clubs of 1879, including all the Single Figure Games they played; also the League and International Championship Records of 1879; together with the Model Contests of the Season, both in the Amateur and Professional Arena, also special chapters on playing the several positions, on scoring, etc. Edited By Henry Chadwick.

HAND-BOOK OF CROQUET.

A Complete Guide to the Principles and Practice of the Game. This popular pastime has, during the few years of its existence, rapidly outgrown the first vague and imperfect rules and regulations of its inventor; and, as almost every house at which it is played adopts a different code of laws, it becomes a difficult matter for a stranger to assimilate his play to that of other people. It is, therefore, highly desirable that one uniform system should be generally adopted, and hence the object of this work is to establish a recognized method of playing the game.

DIME BOOK OF 100 GAMES.

Out-door and in-door SUMMER GAMES for Tourists and Families in the Country, Picnics, etc., comprising 100 Games, Forfeits and Conundrums for Childhood and Youth, Single and Married, Grave and Gay. A Pocket Hand-book for the Summer Season.

CRICKET AND FOOT-BALL.

A desirable Cricketer's Companion, containing complete instructions in the elements of Bowling, Batting and Fielding; also the Revised Laws of the Game; Remarks on the Duties of Umpires; the Mary-le Bone Cricket Club Rules and Regulations; Bets, etc. By Henry Chadwick.

HAND-BOOK OF PEDESTRIANISM.

Giving the Rules for Training and Practice in Walking, Running, Leaping, Vaulting, etc. Edited by Henry Chadwick.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

This volume will be found very complete as a guide to the conduct of watercraft, and full of interesting information alike to the amateur and the novice. The chapter referring to the great rowing-match of the Oxford and Cambridge clubs on the Thames, will be found particularly interesting.

RIDING AND DRIVING.

A sure guide to correct Horsemanship, with complete directions for the road and field; and a specific section of directions and information for female equestrians. Drawn largely from "Stonehenge's" fine manual, this volume will be found all that can be desired by those seeking to know all about the horse, and his management in harness and under the saddle.

GUIDE TO SWIMMING.

Comprising Advisory Instructions; Rules upon Entering the Water; General Directions for Swimming; Diving; How to Come to the Surface; Swimming on the Back; How to Swim in times of Danger; Surf-bathing—How to Manage the Waves, the Tides, etc.; a Chapter for the Ladies; a Specimen Female Swimming School; How to Manage Cases of Drowning; Dr. Franklin's Code for Swimmers etc. Illustrated. By Capt. Philip Peterson.

☞ For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, *post-paid*, to any address, on receipt of price—TEN CENTS each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

Beadle's New Dime Novels.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

322 Old Grizzly.
323 Dashing Dragoons.
324 Will-o'-the Wisp.
325 Dashing Dick.
326 Old Crossfire.
327 Ben Bramble.
328 Brigand Captain.
329 Old Strategy.
330 Gray Hair, Chief.
331 Prairie Tigers.
332 Rival Hunters.
333 Texan Scout.
334 Zebra Zack.
335 Masked Messenger.
336 Morgan, the Pirate.
337 The Boy Spy.
338 Tahle, the Trailer.
339 The Boy Chief.
340 Tim, the Trailer.
341 Red Ax, the Giant.
342 Stella, the Spy.
343 White Avenger.
344 The Indian King.
345 The Long Trail.
346 Kirk, the Guide.
347 The Phantom Trail.
348 The Apache Guide.
349 The Mad Miner.
350 Keen-eye, the Ranger.
351 Blue Belt, the Guide.
352 On the Trail.
353 The Specter Spy.
354 Old Bald-head.
355 Red Knife, the Chief.
356 Sib Cone, Trapper.
357 The Bear-Hunter.
358 Bashful Bill, the Spy.
359 The White Chief.
360 Cortina, the Scourge.
361 The Squaw Spy.
362 Scout of '76.
363 Spanish Jack.
364 Masked Spy.
365 Kirke, the Renegade.
366 Dingle, the Outlaw.
367 The Green Ranger.
368 Montbars, Scourge.
369 Metamora.
370 Thornpath, Trailer.
371 Foul-weather Jack.
372 The Black Rider.
373 The Helpless Hand.
374 The Lake Rangers.
375 Alone on the Plains.
376 Phantom Horseman.
377 Winona.
378 Silent Shot.
379 The Phantom Ship.
380 The Red Rider.
381 Grizzly-Hunters.
382 The Mad Ranger.
383 The Specter Skipper.
384 The Red Coyote.
385 The Hunchback.
386 The Black Wizard.
387 The Mad Horseman.
388 Privateer's Bride.
389 Jaguar Queen.
390 Shadow Jack.
391 Eagle Plume.
392 Ocean Outlaw.
393 Red Slayer.
394 The Phantom Foe.
395 Blue Anchor.
396 Red-Skin's Pledge.
397 Quadroon Spy.
398 Black Rover.
399 Red Belt.
400 The Two Trails.
401 The Ice-Fiend.
402 The Red Prince.
403 The First Trail.
404 Sheet-Anchor Tom.
405 Old Avoirdupois.
406 White Gladiator.
407 Blue Clipper.
408 Red Dan.
409 The Fire-Eater.
410 Blackhawk.
411 The Lost Ship.
412 Black Arrow.
413 White Serpent.
414 The Lost Captain.
415 The Twin Trailers.
416 Death's Head Ranger.
417 Captain of Captains.
418 The Warrior Princess.
419 The Blue Band.
420 The Squaw Chief.
421 The Flying Scout.
422 Sonora Ben.
423 The Sea King.
424 Mountain Gid.
425 Death-Trailer.
426 The Crested Serpent.
427 Arkansas Kit.
428 The Corsair Prince.
429 Ethan Allen's Rifles.
430 Little Thunderbolt.
431 The Falcon Rover.
432 Honest Hand.
433 The Stone Chief.
434 The Gold Demon.
435 Eutawan, the Slayer.
436 The Masked Guide.
437 The Conspirators.
438 Swiftwing, the Squaw.
439 Caribou Zip.
440 The Privateer.
441 The Black Spy.
442 The Doomed Hunter.
443 Barden, the Ranger.
444 The Gray Scalp.
445 The Peddler Spy.
446 The White Canoe.
447 Eph Peters.
448 The Two Hunters.
449 The Traitor Spy.
450 The Gray Hunter.
451 Little Moccasin.
452 The White Hermit.
453 The Island Bride.
454 The Forest Princess.
455 The Trail Hunters.
456 Backwoods Banditti.
457 Ruby Roland, Girl Spy.
458 Laughing Eyes.
459 The Mohegan Maiden.
460 The Quaker Scout.
461 Sumter's Scouts.
462 The Five Champions.
463 The Two Guards.
464 Quindaro.
465 Rob Ruskin.

The following will be issued in the order and on the dates indicated:

466—**The Rival Rovers.** By Roger Starbuck. Ready
467—**Ned Starling.** By J. Stanley Henderson. Ready
468—**Single Hand.** By W. J. Hamilton. Ready
469—**Tippy, the Texan.** By George Gleason. Ready
470—**The Young Mustanger.** By Will Dexter. Ready
471—**The Hunted Life.** By Edward Willett. Ready
472—**The Buffalo Trapper.** Chas. E. Lasalle. Ready
473—**Old Zip.** By "Bruin" Adams. Ready.
474—**Foghorn Phil.** By Oll Coomes. Ready
475—**Mossfoot, the Brave.** By W. J. Hamilton. Ready October 12th.
476—**Snow-Bird, the Trapper's Child.** By Edward Willett. Ready Oct. 26th.

BEADLE'S DIME NOVELS are always in print and for sale by all newsdealers; or will be sent, *post-paid*, to any address: single numbers, ten cents; six months (13 Nos.) $1.25; one year (26 Nos.) $2.50. Address,

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William St., N. Y.